

THE  
Australia's magazine of the performing arts

May 1979 \$1.50

# TheatreAustralia

Hoopla's *Gentlemen Only*  
*Bastard* director Rodney Fisher  
Regional Theatre  
*Odd Angry Shot*



Helen  
Morse  
in  
**RAIN**

# THE AUSTRALIAN OPERA

1979 WINTER SEASON

June 8 to October 29

Sydney Opera House

## THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

(Puccini) in Italian

June 9, 10, 12, 13, 18 (Matinée), 19\*, 23, 27\*

LA TRAVIATA (Verdi) in Italian

June 11, 12, 13 (Matinée), 14\*, 15, 16, 17, 18\*

Production generously sponsored by the State Electricity Commission

## THE ABDUCTION FROM THE SERAGLIO

(Mozart) in German

June 19\*, 20, 21 (Matinée), July 5, 6\*, 11, 12, 13, 21 (Matinée)\*

EDOMENEO (Handel) in Italian

July 6, 7, 10, 11, 12 (Matinée), 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 (Matinée)\*

Production purchased from Northern State Opera

## THE QUEEN OF SPADES

(Tchaikovsky) in English

July 17\*, 18, 19, 20 (Matinée), August 3\*, 4, 5\*, 6, 7\*

Production generously sponsored by the State Electricity Commission

## FALSTAFF

(Verdi) in English

August 17\*, 18, 19, 20 (Matinée), 21, 22, 23, 24\*

Scenic design by G. Mazzu

Production generously sponsored by the State Electricity Commission

JE NUFA (Cavaradossi) in English

August 25\*, 26, 27, 28 (September 1, 2)

Production generously sponsored by the State Electricity Commission

## SIMON BOCCANEGRA

(Verdi) in Italian

August 28, September 1\*, 2, 3, 7, 11, 12 (Matinée), 13\*

Production generously sponsored by the State Electricity Commission

## SALOME

(Richard Strauss) in German

September 12\*, 13, 14\*, 15, 16 (Matinée), 17, 18\*

Production generously sponsored by the State Electricity Commission

## PATIENCE

(Gilbert & Sullivan) in English

September 19\*, 20, 21 (Matinée), October 1\*, 2, 3\*, 4, 5 (Matinée), 6, 7\*

Scenic design by G. Mazzu

## ONE MAN SHOW

(no piano required) in English

Presented by the State Opera of South Australia

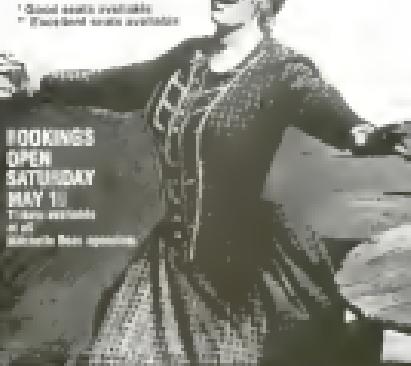
October 13, 14, 15

Evening performances at 7.30 p.m.

Matinées at 2.30 p.m.

\* Special matinée available

\*\* Weekend matinée available



## BOOKINGS

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SATURDAY

MAY 19

THEATRE

SYDNEY

Sydney Opera House

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## David Young EUREKA

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## Leslie Howes VISIONS

(published July)

Pregnant in the 1880s during the bloodiest conflict in Latin American history, a story of bungled democracy, superstition and partitioning values which bring a nation to destruction

## Walter Cooper COLONIAL

EXPERIENCE (published August) Sydney 100 years ago. A popular comedy of manners by the first colonial playwright to make his name abroad

## Alexander Bauc WAKASAGA REEF

Look at a turning point in this new romantic comedy

## Ray Lawler THE CULL TRILOGY

The edge of the pines that led to the Great Western Scam

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# Theatre Australia



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## Nationalism and Internationalism

More than ever before 1978 was a year in which Australian theatre exhibited and was exhibited by theatre at an international level. As an off festival year, the Adelaide Festival was, of course, a major source of overseas visitors coming into the country to give a large range of pieces. The style and content of which were often radically different to our own work. The Polish Mime Theatre was particularly popular, but the creation of Tasmania Senator with *Crash 2* left a far more lasting impression. Seven British brought out *Surf* and stayed to recreate, in an Australian cast, the adaptation of Kafka's *Metamorphosis* at Neutral. As well as presenting their own work, the visitors were able to take to the point of view of a number of Australian houses, give their own views on and help to disseminate knowledge of it through their important work they returned home. And last year was also the year when, among other things, London and San Francisco went about *Queer's Choice* at *Stages* Franklin, there was presented in the States and Rita Hayworth delighted audiences with *The Scarlet from the Bush* in the Massachusetts Repertory Theatre.

The year the degree to which we have some international involvement seems considerably diminished. Although The Club made Broadway for a few days, and Chayh has now received personal accolades there himself, we seem to have lost some of the impetus of the outside response, the reports that have appeared in the press have been mostly concerned with the negative notices. On the income side, although本身 in fact at Melbourne, is a loss to reproduce last year's *Moliére* (which had quite reasonably, to allow Victorian audiences a change in rep), and Simpson's elsewhere rest to WA, hardly enabled him to get a general picture of Australian theatrical activity. The Prospect Theatre Company's tour, which avoided no promises, was a disappointingly undramatic series of slight variations, which went not with a whimper rather than a bang. Although a sad reflection that Folger's are able to do such a brilliant tour with the very second rate showing given by the "Cheskovsky Ballet", while many of our own theatre better companies are fighting for survival.

We seem, at present, unable to assess ourselves, and ourselves, in the light of a worldwide theatrical context. This will not be helped by a recent cutback of the latest funding agency, the Australian Centre of the International Theatre Institute which is likely to

become defunct. The ITI is the only organisation of which which gives of nations with a theoretical tradition as we know it, through publications, seminars and the diverse help it extends to any travelling theatrical personnel. The Australian Centre had been in existence for eight years when its grant from the Australian Council was reduced some weeks ago. During its lifetime it issued ITI cards, introductions and assistance to many of the individuals who travelled overseas in those years, and much hospitality was shown to visitors to Australia. Robert Quisen, the founding Chairman of the Australian ITI Centre goes into more detail about the work it carried out and who else Australian theatre within an international context.

Director, Rodney Fisher, however, has recently found that the international aspect is less than popular in Germany. As the end of January was he offered the post of American Artistic Director of the Berliner Opera in March, but his appointment is now in doubt because the Artistic Director is already non-German, and the company, unlike our own state organisations, has a difficulty in accepting another outside.

With perhaps an unusually nationalistic and the Playwrights' Conference has decided not to extend invitation to overseas guests for the 1978 and 1979 conferences. The reasons for this are quite understandable, as the past the Overseas Guest has often become the vice of the view and recipient of indiscriminate adulation. This has been thought to have been very much at the expense of our own talents, and now Australian stars are being given a chance to shine. The last international Conference visitor too, was John Osborne, whose contribution to and enjoyment of the seminar impacted strongly against others. But though he was the most public response, it should also be remembered that this was Osborne attended that same year and constituted a lot of constructive thought and help.

Although the Overseas type of publicity hardly does a great service to the reputation of Australian theatre, we are surely now in a position where we can accept and benefit from the view of an intelligent outside, and realise that we have just as much to offer them. To create a Persian view is the Overseas contribution to international theatre and it is from a one-sided society.

The Playwrights' Conference is a truly unusual event but being to a also highlights a degree of publication within the country. It

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# WEEKEND



Home Movie in Rose  
Photo: Peter Hollands.

## RAVIE REVIEWS FOR GORDON

**ALICE CARPENTER**, Press Officer for National Theatre

"Doctor Faustus" Whorett and playwright Steve J. Spear were present when Clodion Chatter gave his 60th performance at the New York opening night of the National production of *The Doctor Faustus* Saturday 20 March.

Gordon received rave reviews from the New York critics. Chris Barnes from the New York Post wrote, "it is one of the best acting acts in New York this season."

Mr Gordon from the New York Times: The play is a vehicle custom-made for Mr Chatter's expressive talents — it would be difficult to imagine anyone else playing the part.

Douglas Warr of the New York Daily News, Chatter's performance — based in Australia, London and San Francisco — is remarkable indeed!"

## NATIONALISTIC BIAS IN MUNICH

**ROHINI FISHER**

"My appointment as actress Ariane Danner to Lynn Seymour in the Bavarian State Opera in Munich was interrupted January 29th 1991.

In the resumé there has been some opposition within the Company to the appointment of another non-German as the administrative assistant staff and as the moment I am writing this is hopefully for a reason. However my collaboration with Lynn Seymour will continue

as I am writing the scenario and directing a ballet of *The Changeling* to be choreographed by her. It is scheduled for spring 1990 and I will be going to Munich later in the year for that, whether the appointment holds or not."

## BREAKING DOWN ISOLATION

**MARY GAGE**

"Isolation has always been the hardest part of being a writer — particularly in WA and as there is a community art, an unperformed script is a dead script. You might as well be talking to yourself."

That's why winning the 10th anniversary playwriting competition means so much to me. Queen Anne from the money which starts off a return to journalism (it was turned on *The Times*, London), it means that *The Price of Pearl* will be directed at The Playhouse by Stephen Barry later in the year, as long as he can get the money he needs for a first-run cast of ten.

I hope it also means that my plays will begin to go on out East. So far only *The New Life* has made it to a season at the Q Theatre, then still in Circular Quay, Sydney, in 1984. If that does begin to happen now, I will be glad to have done my training in isolation here, because — as it's that much harder to be nationally recognised — my plays will be that much better before they're exposed to an audience."

*The Price of Pearl* is Dorothy Lacy's fantasy set in WA in the 1930s, which begins and ends in the Japanese graveyard in Broome. It covers major historical events of the State's history — pasturing, Flynn, the advent of the monsoon car — all in a mystery love affair between a half-cast Broome beauty and Charlie Kingford Smith — about a young man in Carnarvon with an impossible dream that one day he would be born man from the Pacific.

I found Dorothy a classic case of WA's paradox — either he could do it but stuck here at the West. He gave me the concept to go on trying myself, because he dream which he realised, was crossing the vast Pacific ocean, which seems to me nearly crossing the Nullabor."

## FOR THE KIDS

**JUDY OLDFIELD**, Marion Street Theatre.

"Marion Street Theatre cares for kids — in fact we have an established audience now from the age of three. So, in recognition of International Children's Day we are doing three Folk Tales from China, Germany and Norway for our participating three to nine year old patients from 10th to 12th May.

Younger senior students from our Drama School will perform *Zeus' Third Tambu* (the however older one who is rescued from drowning by his little brother), the familiar story of *Mosel and Goral* and *There Billy Gorm* (about the ugly troll).

These stories were chosen for their very different needs to encourage participation — diversity, whimsy and games.

Helen Martin whose credits include *On the Move* for the Education Department, scripts for *Playchool* and *Kindergarten of the Air* and lecturing in drama and scriptwriting at the Murray School Teachers' College, adapted the stories for staging. Principal of the Drama School Academy Michaela is directing.

The Drama School, with over two hundred students mounts a young children's show usually always playing at the Downstage Restaurant area to uninvited capacity audiences."

## TO CO NEW LOOK

**ROBERT BILLINGTONHURST**, Twelfth Night Theatre Company

"Twelfth Night Theatre Company has been actively engaged in re-thinking and re-defining its place in the performing arts of Britain. So many new ideas are already realised that it seems appropriate to bring one of them to your attention.

Twelfth Night Theatre Company has been a power in many fields and its ambitions are grand ones. Of all the local amateur companies, it was this one which boldly took an early step into professional status. The vision of that decision has been given and is still being felt, but, after a year of consolidation in 1988, we are ready for a renaissance.

Part of that new birth is a new look. Carefully preserving our original name and logo we are going for a simpler, cleaner, more contemporary style. By referring to ourselves as the TN COMPANY we hope to overcome the confusion in the public mind from the Twelfth Night Theatre Building Trust, and establish clearly our identity as a continuing tradition."

## THEATRE GOES WEST

**JAN McDONALD**, Artistic Director, West Community Theatre.

"WEST Community Theatre, now a full-time operation in Essendon and the Western Region of Melbourne, presents shows for specific audiences and performs them there in places where people are already meeting.

Our programme for 1991 is many and varied including classroom and outdoor shows, a rock concert devised with local high school students. The *Golden Pages* publshes show, a football show for 'yo dugs', a primary school program and an end-of-year play.

We're interested in creating original, distinctive theatre that comes out of and is of relevance to the community. In this way not only new Australian material is devised but also a new audience for theatre is encouraged."

## MAKING EXPERTS

**JAMES McCUMMIES**, Director of The Mill Theatre

"Every Thursday night I open house at The Mill for anyone in the community. We give people things to do and things to watch. So far we've had over 1000 by the response."

He's a typical response. "The first week there's all those people doing things and you're not really sure what's going on. The second week you put the art to contribute something and suddenly find people don't put you down for it. By the third week you think you're a real expert!"

We are a small professional group of five actors based on Deakin University's Mill Theatre, experimenting, with ways to catalyse theatre activity in the Geelong area and trying to find what is the best form for a professional theatre presence in a city like this."

## THEATRE OF IDENTITY

**ROBERT PERIER**, Artistic Director, Murray River Performing Group

"In Albury/Wodonga, the MRPG's first show, *A Big Heart for the Arts* is tapping into the very important tradition of Australian Town Theatre. The central theme is identity. How do we preserve personalised live entertainment in the face of a deluge of massentertainment which is technologically based? More importantly, how do we preserve the ability to discover who we are in a radical environment which measures success on the principle that all ends lead to London or to Australia to Sydney or Melbourne? Firstly we believe it is done by creating a content, form and style which specifically relate to the community in which we live. For us the means extending beyond traditional stages studios and theatres dealing creatively with the uniqueness which most Australians probably ingeniously, feel about the theatre. Secondly, it is achieved through direct involvement of the community in construction of past and contemporary snapshots of the region. We are trying such a exhibition The MRPG's *Rising From Fly Creek* involving a hundred local kids in performance, with up to two hundred parents and teachers involved. The production will be staged under the 'Circus On' Big Top for nine performances over four days in May."

Language is an integral part of identity. Our high school show, *Being Women* from the feelings and thoughts expressed by a group of twenty unemployed kids who live in Albury/Wodonga, will demonstrate the depth of our language while making a compelling comment on a delicate contemporary anxiety. The approach is in examining the voice and movement expression of these people, thereby revealing and underlying beauty and power of their spirit. We believe that a basic problem for us, as Australians, is to come to accept, indeed to love our own language."

We have created many programmes which are innovative and exploratory. So far it is my belief that The Murray River Performing Group with the help of many friends, is off the ground and working hard and well."

## RICH CHALLENGE IN THE NORTH

**BOB KIMBER**, Director of the Darwin Theatre Group

"It's a relief to be away from Adelaide and the sense of colour combinations and to be faced with entirely different expectations. Here on the edge of the tropics, the natural environment is in our own back yard."

The human beings who live and perform here are lots to their own mental and physical resources as they explore character and expand upon their ideas in the works tackled by the Darwin Theatre Group. This of course is as it should be for people concerned to create a theatre that is personal, meaningful and rewarding to all involved."

Darwin is a rapidly expanding community and the leading city in the more towards state hood of a territory which are on the borders in the 1990s. The city serves a vast historical landscape, isolated with all manner of flying boats and standing smoking laundry, hairy men on horses, the unceasing dust and the population in comparison in a way that can't be matched by any other Australian city, blinding all creeds, colour and occupations. The local individuality of so many you meet is readily apparent.

This is a place which demands theatre that is direct and spontaneous. The performers are central to the success of the review. They must be pliant, authentic in their skills and as personalities and involved in the community where they live."

Here in Darwin the DTG play at Brew's Mart a top-rated supermarket of a space with movable bleachers and heavy wooden beams set inside a late nineteenth century building shell. When the lights go on anything is possible. The seats can change and the stage can change, and always the performers in spirit are on the move as they confront their audiences and challenge their thoughts and feelings. The people involved — performers and audience — are close, and that is as it should be for a theatre relevant to

the community."

Community is a rare commodity in regional theatre much the pity. One can be grateful that the more rural here it's vital that such qualities not be lost in future developments."

What is needed are well-structured ways to create a professional core of players to serve metropolitan Darwin and to establish a regular touring circuit through the widely scattered towns, islands and outstations of the NT. The future holds variety and challenge and the prospect of making some mighty fine theatre and some rich contexts. That promises to be exciting."

## PREMIERE FOR ARMIDALE

**ANNE GLOVER**, New England's Travelling Playhouse

"The Chairman of New England's Travelling Playhouse, Professor Peter Baker, announced this week that the company's first production for adult audiences would be Bob Herbet's award winning play *No Name No Pack Drill*. The premiere will be at The Arts Theatre, The University of New England, on Thursday 16th May and after a short season there it will tour the major centres of the region."

Opening night should prove a traditionally glittering affair, as all major dramatic companies and crews will be gathered to see the play — especially with the added interest of a newly formed company that already has the good wishes and support of the theatre world firmly behind it.

Certainly Bob Herbet won the major award just when the company was searching for the right production guaranteed to capture the hearts and loyalty of regional audiences in consideration of the best of good shows."

The production which Bob Herbet won was a competition for Playwrights held in connection with Western Australia's recent 50th Anniversary celebrations.

*No Name No Pack Drill* has all the requisite ingredients: a good story, interesting characters, and a fascinating trip back in life for those who experienced The Second World War.

Incidentally Bob is the uncle of local New South Australian playwright who has written *Deep Roots* and *Phantom*."

## MANAGING A DOZEN

**CHRISTINE MILLER**, Christine Miller Management & Promotion and Music Hall, Neutral Bay.

"In my eighteen years' association with the Music Hall our family business, I have always been struck by the amazingly appalling lack of good general managers in Australia. It seems that most people involved in the performing side of show business are aware of the growing lack in the industry. Certainly there are plenty of good agents but by definition they cannot all

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Ray Stanley's

# WHISPERS, RUMOURS & FACTS



Some of the film producers and other film industry people I've been speaking to recently seem quite excited at the special course the Australian Film and Television School has mounted to give feature directors training in film techniques. It is going to cost a lot of money, and will be spread over eighteen months, but the long term results to Australian films could justify all the. Directors selected are Graeme Blundell, Rex Chapman, Kerry Dwyer, Arthur Neeson, Malcolm Robertson, Mick Rodger, Nigel Triffitt, Georgia Whaley and Richard Wherrett.

Following on Nigel Farren's plan for the establishment of a musical comedy theatre company with government funding, it is perhaps worth noting a touring company of *My Fair Lady* in England is being backed by the Arts Council there to the tune of £40,000. Can we expect Mary Hardi back on the stage? For once Mary is managing tight lips! Yet she has been talking to John Sammer. Believe the Mummers are going to revive *The Club* again — the time for a twelve weeks season at the St George League Club.

Australia at the annual "royal garden party" press reception held for the Melbourne season of *Crown Jewels* introduced me to several people of the past. Kay Klassen for instance, the first Australian actress I met on arrival in Australia, when she was playing as *Madame de Merte* in *Allegro*. Barry March who was Lewis Flaxton's girl friend before he went to England and Karen Howard. Taking a break from acting, Barry Pease tells me he is directing a series of documentary films for the Tasmanian Film Corporation. After touring in Colin Egglestone's vampire movie *Hammer on the Agaric* Peas in Melbourne, Bill Vinton Price and Carol Brown say on and do some stage work!

Understand David Williamson wrote the leading role in *Deserting Nelly* and Frank Wilson is next. Seems as if it is going to be Frank's year he has a role in the film *Breaker Morant* and also a lead in one of the (Australian) Main TV series for the ABC, *Sheehan and Smith*. Another who is in *Breaker Morant* is Rod McPhail, following his role in the film *There ...*. Seems as if it is going to be Robby Lantz (and not John McPhail who together with Jacqueline East will be in Peter Williamson's production of

*Picture*, the play which opens on Sydney June 27. It would not surprise me if a special edition of *The Post Report Show* launches the new 3D system in Australia, and indeed in the world.

Since 1971 there have apparently been ten more productions in New Zealand of New Zealander Brian McNeill's play about Katherine Mansfield and John Middleton Murry, *The Two Tigers*. An Australian production is at the Malthouse from May 16 for three weeks. I understand the playwright is flying over to assist with the production, which is directed by Robert Chant with Sam Mylett, Ruth Fricker, Anna Gellat and Adeline Neophyto making up the cast ... Robert McGregor, who I understand is much at the MTC's *Allegro's End* and before that the *Williamson* tour is playing the role in *Rob Broder's* one of the ABC's *Lesser's Masters* series.

Touring the Northern Territory for the Arts Council of Australia (New South Wales Division), Beverley Dunn gives around twenty performances of her one woman show *An Af's Art*. In the programme all remunerated by Beverley are being seen gratis with about forty different characters in basically she is touring Australia with it ... Jack Thompson told me recently he would dearly like to get back to the stage of a few years back he was, and then he knows he will naturally. It's really a question of fitting in with his film commitments. When Jack does it is likely to be for Hayes Grier (he has twelve months touring in the Ensemble), and possibly with Carol Royle.

A very relieved Nick McMahon took me in task for my article in the February issue on Crawford Productions, pointing out inaccuracies. Nigel East is not general manager, but is director, the grant from the VPC for *Young Romeo* was for the first series, not recycled, and Nick maintains he did not material and photographs to me, and apparently the PMG is to blame in that area. At the time he presented in hand the material and photographs for another project, but after a fortnight despite two further telephone calls, this who did not result in ... The Franklin Opera House concert record has been overtaken by Count Basie, also presented by the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust. \$36,000 dollars was taken at the box office — \$90 more than *Hammer* concert.

Marked Crawford returns to the London stage in June in the musical *Flowers for Algernon* directed by Peter Orr. It is based on the film *Charly* for which Cliff Robertson played as Oscar. And Leslie Bricusse has been sketching off to New York to write the book and lyrics for a musical version of Bernard Shaw's *Major Barbara* with Henry Martinz composing. Bricusse wants Julie Andrews, Peter Ustinov and John Wood (not Australian!) for the three star parts. Peter Barnes' *Ypsilon* has just had a million advance from its New York publishers for his biography of Laurence Olivier.

Intriguing, curiously to start off at journalism bodies, but for me I'd like to go on record and

thank the Australian Council's Arts Information Department for the help it gave me in setting up a similar project, providing me with information names and addresses and model agreements. Ray Evans, who recently directed *Breaker Morant* in London, is going to play an Australian part in *The Island*, a film directed by Peter Benchley and shot in the West Indies, which will star Angela Lansbury.

There's been talk of another Australian EXPO next year, this time in America, with people like Jack Thompson, Terry Jackson and Paul Copley involved. There's been mention of Australian film, and the Australian Ballet — but so far one has not heard any whispers of Australian drama. What about *Allegro's End*? Official news from the Producers and Directors Guild of Australia (Victoria) is that the association believes that "while certain overseas status foreign documents should be permitted to enter this, television, theatre and radio production in this country."

It should be "house full" nations everywhere for Yvonne Joyce and Brian Murphy when they tour Australia June/September on *George and Mildred*. With the Trust involved in present shows I understand as well as original ones, they will play in towns like Ballarat and Northamptons ... The State Theatre Company of South Australia looks like having a busy tour around here. Not only is the company's production of *A Month of Sundays* going to Sydney (scheduled to inaugurate with the Trust), but *Allegro* and the *Men* will be seen in Townsville and *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* in touring country areas.

At the Melbourne press reception of *Peter Williams' Andromeda* Rose discovered John Denyer again maintains that he'll never act on the stage again, but of course the right role should come up ... Peter Bowles (young he'd like to do a one man show and make a comedy tour throughout Australia) ... Eric Mayers, still a little surprised at the acceptance which *Hammer* is having for his role in *Against the Wind* ... Barry Cryer is writing another comedy, his first, *Final Photo* *Wiseblood* was presented in England by Ray Cooney. Wonder why it had to be taken up for Australia?

Quote of the month surely must come from Zsa Zsa Gabor: "It's a great housekeeper. After my divorce I kept all the houses."

## Special Birthday Wine Offer

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Dear Sir,

I would like to read Noel Ferrier's article on musicals in the March issue of *Theatre Australia*. It is a most pleasing to know that someone of his standing is prepared to speak out for what is really a fine and popular form of culture. Musicals are the raison of the people and have proven to be quite popular in *Canberra* which, apart from certain politicians who read, is quite a isolated city.

You may recall that both myself and the *Canberra Philharmonic Society* have written to you on this subject previously. The real state of play was revised when you chose to ignore us both. It is indeed a step forward to see that Noel has written through on this front in *Theatre Australia*. I hope we can encourage the other in effect heading.

Canberra Philharmonic has been trying out Noel's thoughts. In recent times we have revised *After You Get What You Want*, *South Pacific*, *White Horses* (in with Brian Crispell's) *Calliope the Cowgirl* (with Ronald Macconaghie), *The Mikado* with Thomas Hobson and *The Sound of Music*. All of these shows were recording successes. We are currently preparing *My Fair Lady* for presentation in August this year.

I, for one, would be keen to hear more from Noel on the subject of musical theatre and to see more in *Theatre Australia* on the subject. Sadly the theatre is a neglected form of culture when one considers the level of support given by the government funding to the high cultural services existing in the country.

Let's also hear from others interested in the musical and support Noel in getting the musical off the ground and on to the boards.

Yours faithfully,  
Ian Gammie  
Holder, ACT

Dear Sir,

May I raise two points in connection with Mr Noel Ferrier's challenging call for an Australian Musical Theatre Company (*Theatre Australia*, March 1979).

First, the early Australian musical Mr Ferrier mentions is *Calliope the Cowgirl*. The story board in fact revolves around an air raid by one Peter Collins — hence the placing of the apostrophe. *Calliope* has had its first performance at the Savoy Theatre, Sydney, on 5th December, 1912. Bruce Maxwell starred as Mary Collins, and the rest of the company were mainly non-professional. *Calliope* was last produced in a revised and expanded format by Bruce and Thora at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, on 2nd December, 1913. This presentation starred Gladys Maxwell as Mary Collins, with George Wallace providing the comedy. It has

transferred to the French Sydney.

*Calliope* was certainly not the first Australian musical comedy, though it seems that the first local attempt to be professionally produced was the intriguingly titled *F.F.F.* With book by Jack de Gars and music by Reginald Somersham, *F.F.F.* was first presented by Harry Ricketts' Trots Theatre Ltd at the Prince of Wales Theatre, now the Opera Theatre, Adelaide, on 11th August 1910. The company included Minnie Lowe, Hugh Stoye, Mary de Vore, Charles Wickham and Maggie Moore. It was subsequently played in Perth, then moved to Melbourne for a short run, then at the King's Theatre. Though a bit off the main stream — a never played in Sydney — it did provide two hit songs, "Merry Moon" and "Sleepy Seal", sheet music and programme records of which sold at thousands.

We are trying to locate copies of the script and score of *F.F.F.* and *Calliope*'s and we would appreciate hearing from any *Theatre Australia* reader who can help us. We are also anxious to find copies of other early Australian musicals such as *The Cedar Tree*, *Blue Mountain Melody* and *The Beloved Virgin*.

Yours sincerely  
Frank van Straten,  
Adelaide,  
Performing Arts Museum,  
Melbourne.

Dear Sir,

After reading Mr Noel Ferrier's article in *Spartacus* (March 1979) I would like to congratulate him on his clear and convincing social lead you or not. They make a lot of sense.

The need for entertainment in the pure sense of transporting the audience from the mundane everyday world to a happy world of harmony, is great. Also to the uninitiated, the musical is a greater introduction to the world of theatre — for more complicated plays, scenes drama can follow later as the interest (hopefully) develops.

My Ferrier list of shows and possible stars is as follows, and there can be many more, people who've never seen a lot of those shows and just as many more who'd love them from space.

Love reading *Theatre Australia* — lots of the good work.

Sincerely,  
Jo Edwards,  
Kew, Vic

Dear Sir

I was thrilled to bits when I read that Mr Tom Nathan has designed a jester for your *Third*

anniversary celebration.

My joy was tempered however, by the realisation that prior Melbourne critic Mr Richards would be placed in a position position.

While Tom Nathan is no doubt an estimable person man, he is nevertheless an entrepreneur engaged in the notorious *bigbox* business and is thus profiting from the exploitation of others.

The radical Gordon Granger will have no part of such sense and capitalist high jinks and will reign unassisted as a point of principle.

I wish Mr Koffler well in his new venture in the West Indies.

Yours sincerely,  
Alexander Barr,  
Brisbane, QLD.

Dear Sir,

Peter Doon's letter (TA March, 1979) warns me more than a little. It is so typical of an administrator. After a failure of impressive success he claims these alone make the Queensland Theatre Company (QTC) the cream deserving of a place on the book.

Impressed as the quantity may be, might we not fear of the quality. I for one have very considerable reservations about the quality of the theatre I saw at school both as a pupil and teacher.

Yours faithfully  
W F Oakes  
Perthshire PSSA

Dear Sir,

On my recent return from overseas I enjoyed discovering your journal (the February issue).

It impressed me as an impressive in interest in cultural events in Australia, that is until I discovered Mr Wilson Shadforth's review of the Australian Ballet's production of *Spartacus*.

In 1979, said tour apparently toured a little too haphazardly, and my references to socialist realism, the Politburo, plus of '68 revolution and suppression of daring cultural expression in Hungary by the Soviet Ministry of Culture only brings about Mr Shadforth's credibility in an art critic.

I have recently spent five months in Hungary, and observed numerous productions of the most directed stage, film, TV and video.

These performances included numerous savage criticisms of the social problems of the system for more outspoken than any I have seen in this country. I have seen "realism" as fulfillment and as crap more often than not.

These experiences make me seriously wonder  
Continued on page 179

# The Inner Life of Helen Morse

## Lucy Wagner

Helen Morse is one of the few Australian actors whose name in a film or play can be used as a drawcard in the public. And yet she is almost obsessively shy of publicity — not merely avoiding a personality cult, but actively discouraging press and media intrusion, interviews and any analysis of her career. She admits to being quite shy and "naïve in certain situations", but her lack of desire for personal exploitation seems not so much to do with being a shrinking violet as with a complete disinterest in extremes and an almost exhaustion based on the intense value of assessing her work and other people.

Typically, after *Claire and Peeki* at Hanging Rock had brought her to a pinnacle of fame, she didn't capitalise on her success, but chose not to work for the greater part of 1986 and '87. "I didn't think I was present. I knew that if I started to work I could carry a firework, but it wasn't the kind of work I wanted to do, it wasn't rewarding myself or making demands."

When she returned Helen Morse, as far as she will allow, to the public eye in her role in the recently released international film *Agatha*, in which she plays the woman who betrays Agatha Christie (Maggie Smith) during her strange disappearance. When talking about the film she borrows no pride in having been chosen, where another actress has failed to connect herself to the role, the director saw *Peeki and Claire* and said "Ah, it might take a part in *Agatha*, and that's exactly what happened." Her does there appear to be the slightest magnification of her relationship with the "rest" of her four small screen, with Diana Rigg, who thinks the only dialogue over has probably been cut — she hasn't yet seen the film perhaps because her involvement with it is now over.

From that *Agatha* has any obligation to a star system, but for her is a star is simply someone who draws people in the cinema or theatre, with no further implications. She obviously doesn't worry that in Australia there are lines of the cappuccino that go with the big name syndrome elsewhere and she doesn't feel undervalued. "I don't really think in those terms. I suppose I'm a bit naive really, I tend to put things in terms of my relationship to the part I'm playing and the people I'm working with, and the size of the play or film." So for her there is no real difference between working on an international film set, or at the tiny Ensemble Theatre in Sydney, between



Helen Morse

she is currently playing Suzy Thompson in *Summer Blight*'s *Ruby*. In fact the problem is to work here. "The quality of work and the commitment from everybody involved is nothing to do with place only people."

If she has any criticism of the quality of the work she did at NIDA (graduating in 1983) with Jim Sharman, Ross Thompson, Marnie Hunter and others, it is that some acting techniques were glossed over. "Not enough time was spent on voice techniques, analysing a play, part or character like that in drama school you can only learn certain disciplines that are, say, the eye you pick up from a spectator." When Helen found most valuable about her time at NIDA, was working in real theatre with the Old Tote — working backstage, front of house, understanding professional actors — so it was

not just an academic student approach. And perhaps the most useful aspect for her was watching the professionals at work, picking things up.

A mere month away after the early Sherman production of *A Taste of Honey* was "the best thing that could have happened" as far as gaining experience was. "With an offbeat company of the Young Hebbards, Alexander Hay directed pointed versions of *Richard III* and *The Merchant of Venice*. "It was marvellous. We did one night, and sometimes one day, stints in NSW country areas, picking up a completely new version every time. It was terrific experience and very stimulating. I'd really like to live again in a good production."

Helen claims she finds it hard to settle down, although "I suppose that's my home base. I long

Sydney — the physical environment, the sea, the harbour — I just love to go to Darling Bay and sit there. I find it very refreshingly invigorating." A few years ago she thought of staying in England and finding work there but now, in spite of her peripatetic wanderings, she feels "it depends on the kind of work you're doing wherever it is. I'm not interested in going to America or England and doing lots of films, whatever they are. I'm interested in working with small groups of people." She worked in an unassisted ensemble situation for a year with the Tote in 1971, doing *As You Like It* and *Man of La Mancha* at The National Health and Convalescent home, and although Taylor started to translate and "I was glad to put out back stage policies had started to take precedence over audience."

That was the second period Helen Moreau had spent with the Tote, the first being in 1961, when the company was still in the MADA student drama. Then she played roles like Lady Travers in *School for Scandal* and Elsa in *Pygmalion*; a role she found a real challenge to get an use of in the old Stans in Barrie's *Tom and Huck in The Seagull* both of which she played at Maudes.

Her Soho, she thinks, is the most challenging part she's ever had, because of her long range from heavily tank to twice born Christian. Her Soho director of *Romeo*, is a great help to her because he is full of ideas that Helen finds psychologically and theatrically valid and entirely related to the content of the play. Such translation is a rare experience — Ms. Moreau knows one or two directors whose noses she would like to thought, if she were a good teacher.

But as long as she remains on stage as that, any method she believes, is valid for achieving Helen's own approach is always by way of a strong first impression, in reading and preliminary dialogue with director and fellow actors — often twice! "Then I let the whole thing start to live in my head and I start into a period where I'm thinking for the day, whenever I'm doing, things will pop out and I start them into my play imagination. A lot happens automatically but I think consciously too, I build human for characters in my imagination."

For her, finding the inner life of a character is the essence of a true portrayal and the challenge is to have the human being a man, working within to live as he lives. "If the mode changes, the outside will change, a pair of shoes might give you a certain way of walking but who motivates man is what goes on in the head of the human being."

Helen Moreau's motivation for being an actress seems to be that it is an ideal way to express the human she has for the other side of life. She moves easily between stage and film, enjoying the subtlety of the camera — "you just need to have a thought flash through your mind and it's present" — and the theatre because "you are able to express ideas in a way that's often more heightened than in life." But acting is for her "exploring people. I suppose I really live a Somersettian view of an actress."

# Does Australian Theatre want an international contact?

## Robert Quentin \*

At a meeting towards the end of 1971 the Australian Council's Theatre Board delayed approval of an initial grant to the Australian ITI Centre. In 1972 the first grant enabled the Centre to conduct a part-time office for the operation of its theatrical information-exchange. At this year's March meeting the Theatre Board rejected the Centre's revised application for a similar grant.

What national and international services does the ITI provide for Australian Theatre?

- As well as attending to a considerable volume of correspondence,
- assisting overseas visitors with contacts in Australian theatre,
- helping Australian theatre professionals travelling abroad with address lists and letters of introduction, and issuing them with international identity cards,
- the Centre keeps files for historical reference by collecting programmes and press cuttings,
- reports, technical data of productions of Australian plays in *World Pictures* in all ITI Centres,
- has gradually built up a small but quite comprehensive theatre library,
- and for the past seven years has published a Newsletter which lists Australian plays or performances in all states and provides theatre information of use to theatre professionals. Four hundred copies of the edition were sent out quarterly.
- The Centre also distributes the four-quarterly bilingual review *International Drama Information* to Australian theatres.
- has put forward new Australian plays for international distribution to all ITI Centres,
- and has published Australian theatre around the world by sending 100 copies of *Playwright Australia* to other ITI Centres around the world every five months.
- Voluntary ITI members represent each help in news gathering and policy.
- From time to time the Centre has arranged Australian representation in publications.

The ITI holds several international congresses in which there is usually some Australian participation by one or two delegations. Twice the Centre has proposed or had such a congress in this country which would serve as a valuable focus for Australian theatre as well as giving us friends around the globe and stimulating future contacts. For financial reasons it has been impossible to carry this through in performances.

During a tour of China the Honorary Secretary made contact with offices of the

Chinese Dramatic Association, the official drama body of the Ministry of Culture, encouraging them to join the ITI by establishing a Chinese Centre, and arranging that they receive the necessary documents and an invitation from the Executive Committee through the Secretary. If these Chinese participation in ITI activities would increase Asian financial contributions so desirable from Australia's new neighbour in the part of the world.

In the money needed to plug the hole our world theatre seems to be squared off?

We welcome new ideas and invite you to write and advise us how to fulfil our role within UNESCAP and according to the 1948 ITI Charter which states:

Since theatrical art is a universal expression of mankind, which links large groups of the world's peoples, an autonomous international theatrical organization has been formed which bears the name of *International Theatre Institute*. The purpose of the Institute is to promote international exchange of knowledge and practice in theatre arts in order to consolidate peace and friendship between people, to deepen mutual understanding, increase creative co-operation between all theatre people.

The top officers in member countries should engage in both national and international activities and are expected to assume the following manner of responsibility.

- a) all the professionals in the country concerned shall be informed of the existence of the Centre and of its purposes,
- b) the Board of the Centre should be composed of active elements of the professional life of the country and should if possible include a representative of each theatrical branch;
- c) the Centre should, wherever possible and whenever it means, provide visiting foreign professionals with the possibility of contacts and supply them with all non financial help likely to facilitate their theatrical sojourn;
- d) the Centre should, according to national needs, form study committees charged with examining the most important problems, apart from commercial and union problems which are accounted on other organizations;
- e) the Centre should, whenever possible, take the initiative of organizing cultural demonstrations such as round table talks, press conferences, exhibitions, theatrical publications, etc.

### History

Initially the Centre only existed as

This month *Once A Catholic* goes on tour; here we profile its star actress

## Vivien Davis — A Sensitive Young Talent

### Les Cartwright

One of Melbourne's more exciting theatre performances last year came from Vivien Davis, whose portrayal of Mary Mooney in the (MTC) production of *Once A Catholic* was widely praised for its sensitivity and completeness.

Although she has been acting professionally since 1972 (she was Vivien's first big role, *Widlorn*), and an immigrant to Australia at the age of 17, she started acting by accident. She was waiting for a friend to book rehearsals for *The Effect of Gamma Rays On Man in the Moon-Mermaid*. At the time, the director, Rodney Brooks, badly needed someone to play the part of Tilly. She got sight of Vivien and asked her to do it, and that was it. The play ran for twelve weeks, on weeks in Adelphi and six months on tour to the South Australian Arts Council. While on tour the company had a travelling schedule. Days showed daily of *Twelve in One* for children and then, in the evenings, *Mengold* for adults. For Vivien "it was just like being thrown in the deep end, swimming though".

She followed this with stage and TV work in a unique duet called *The Two Sisters* and a show with the Children's Arts Centre in Melbourne. In between she had jazz ballet classes, drama lessons for a year from Bill Zappa (Bill's classes were real drama and I learned more from Bill than from anybody"); and a year at the Victorian College of the Arts in 1977.

*Once A Catholic* provided her biggest break and it has been her biggest achievement to date. "I guess I think we got a lot of value of the people laugh and understand it. There's a lot of subtlety in it that a lot of people don't get. They only reacted to the sides in the face page". Most audiences however were moved and only a few walked out, mostly the sceptics, snobbish Catholics.

Her role as Mary Mooney was both a challenge and a joy. "She was such a lovely character to play — a real sympathetic character. Her voice was the hardest part to recreate for myself... she was just so innocent, and at 27 one can't pretend to be that innocent. I've got to come from something, something that you remember. Otherwise it would just have been noise. That was the hardest part of her". It was also hard to act. "It was technical. Some nights I felt a muscle as well and that was just marvelous. She was just beautiful, poor little thing".

If the actress was hard to capture what about the religion? "Ah, now the religion. The religion wasn't so bad to get hold of, once you get the rules down. But there were so many rules you



Vivien Davis



Robert Eaton as Father Mallard with Vivien Davis as Mary Mooney in the MTC *Once A Catholic*. Photo: David Parker

know. It about being lost or something, so to bring up as a concern in the 20th world. It was hard to believe that people actually did that, more actually did that. But I was too".

Vivien will go Catholic when it tours to Sydney. In the meanwhile she is preparing to play one of the witches in Macbeth and is doing some late night shows at the Last Laugh Theatre

Bookshop. She would eventually like to write a book and "to sing all by myself with an orchestra".

For the present though she is more than content with work at the MTC and steadily wants to develop still as a member of different casts. One thing about all is clear: Vivien Davis' career will be music following.

## The 7th Australian National Playwrights' Conference again takes place from 6th to 20th May, 1979 in Canberra.

### Mick Rodger

Artistic Director of the '78 and '79 Conferences, writes about the past history of the Conference, its philosophy, and value to Australian theatre, and its future.



The notion of annual 'conference' suggests a regular meeting held for the purpose of active discussion. Many professions have their annual 'conference' where formal papers are given on the topics confronting those professions. There is no reason why the theatre profession should be a Dissenter in this respect.

A professional gathering, yes, but there is a more important function of those two weeks in Canberra which the term 'conference' does not accurately cover. The workshopping or public reading and discussion of up to twelve new plays is the real core of the event. In that respect 'conference' might be less of a misnomer than 'conference'. On the other hand, the whole experience is aimed at forcing both participants and observers playwriting, the writing of the rest of playwriting. The teaching is done through their exposure to the ideas, rigourous, cut-throat and skills of talented theatre practitioners. In this sense the Conference is an extended 'workshop' or 'laboratory'.

There is no single term which will adequately describe the Canberra experience because it is a mixture of all these and more.

Last year the first ten days were entirely devoted to the playwrights and their problems, the last five days to the professional teaching place. This change in the structure of the 1978 Conference merely reflected what had been happening — in a loose and undefined way — in past years. It seemed to be successful insofar as it concentrated the necessary teaching and attention on the right things at the right time.

Thus, the first ten days were composed of detailed public workshopping and rehearsal analysis of the seven new plays chosen from the 150 submitted, together with intense discussion on the design and staging problems posed by

these plays, rehearsed public readings of, and discussion on, an additional ten new plays, and teaching sessions, held almost every day, on problems of greatest benefit to fledgling playwrights, such as design, stage production and lighting, when to 'bottle', creative music and how to earn a living as a playwright.

The final five days, by comparison, were concerned with sessions on topics of interest to the theatrical profession as a whole, e.g. theatre subsidy laws which created so much confusion and heated debate that it was extended into an unprinted additional session early the next morning; the future of the Old and New Theatre Australia respectively, large and small scale touring in Australia, the problems of being an "independent writer" in the profession, and a close look at subsidised theatre and its alternatives in South Australia.

Scattered through the ten days of the Conference were the final rehearsals and discussions on the workshopped plays. In this respect, the Conference becomes a shop window, of sorts for new works and a number of theatrical management come to see the wares. While this is an inevitable by-product of a situation where the bulk of the country's new plays by largely unknown writers, are being worked on, it is not a primary function of the Conference nor one which is particularly encouraged. The benefits of the Conference are more hidden and varied than that.

Whilst the lots of new plays, which have found their way on to the stages of professional theatres via the Conference, is an impressive one, it is not in itself an argument for the success or value of the Conference. Indeed plays are sometimes chosen because of the clear potential of the writer concerned. If such a writer can be exposed to the estimably valuable Conference workshop of his play by highly skilled professional directors and actors, then we have contributed considerably to his future development. Out of the writer's exposure at the Conference might come another and fine new play in the future.

From time to time the dramatic companies do workshop or publicly read new writers. The MTC, the National Theatre and the Play Factory all have a considerable record in this respect. Recently the QTC advertised a playwright competition — another valid attempt to encourage new writing. But such companies do not have the time, energy, money or staff to do this work intensively.

It is sometimes said that it is easier to expose vulnerable young writers to the harsh analysis which these plays are given at Canberra. Certainly the texts are usually given a very gruelling writing by uncompromising professionals but I can see that this is a very *most* incentive for the playwright that doesn't

let work eventually assumed as the best by the reviewers and the public. The Conference workshop process is not a cruel destructive tearing of the play but from hub nor is it demanded that the writer must justify everything that he has written.

Rather at its best, the process is a creative dialogue. The writer is shown, by the writer's reading of his text, what works and what does not, the same reserves of criticism of the text and its inherent ideas from the writer. Together, creatively, they explore the virgin ground of a new play and test it according to their talents and interests. The director and dramaturg guide the process, carefully and profitably probing, querying, interpreting and suggesting.

Sometimes, at the end of the fortnight, the can have only exploded part of the latent of a particular play. Time has run out and some of the play has been left unexplored. It does not matter. The object is not to conclude the fortnight with the definitive version of the ideal 'Salinger' script. The process has a creative and learning cost. In most important that the greatest, the means are more important than the end.

The format for the 1979 Conference will continue to develop the innovations of last year's Conference. It will again be divided into a ten day teaching and workshop period, and a four day professional conference. Furthermore, we shall again have a resident designer whose work for the first time last year, proved most successful. New teaching sessions in 1979 will consider the problems peculiar to writing for film and for television, with the possible future of musical theatre in Australia, with the adaptation problems of writing the book of the film of the play of the book, and a further seminar on writing specifically for children's theatre as a contribution to the Year of the Child. In the four day professional conference we hope to consider the development, problems and incentives of writing up a new State Theatre Company in NSW to fill the vacuum left by the demise of the Old Town. Seven new plays will be workshopped at the 1979 Conference and up to a further ten new plays will receive a public reading and discussion.

Looking further ahead, I can see a time when a well run workshop, but necessary, for the Australian Playwrights' Conference to have a similar scale, and level of funding as its American and Canadian counterparts and one which would reflect a more general acceptance. It might result in seeing that positive moves are now afoot in London to shortly set up a British Playwrights' Conference.

In America the Playwrights' Conference exists on a year-round basis with an annual

Concurrent on page 26.

At a cost of \$14 million the Hunter Valley Theatre Co. now has a home

# Civic Playhouse: Can bricks ensure permanence?

## Felicity Biggins

Despite the fact that the critics deemed it impossible, the society worked their hands of a and the dreams of the Hunter Valley Theatre Company were denied, the Hunter Region now has a playhouse.

The fact that the Civic Playhouse is a reality is due to the determination of the company's board of directors and particularly its chairman John Robson. The board is responsible for initiating the construction of the playhouse, establishing a building committee to raise the funds and ensuring the continuation of the Hunter Valley Theatre Company. Architects Brian Bates as well as Robson has been a major motivator behind the playhouse. The theatre belongs to the people of Newcastle and the Hunter Valley, and is leased by the Hunter Valley Theatre Company.

But although the birth of the Playhouse is granted with jaded pride and satisfaction, it could be short within six months. The Hunter Valley Theatre Company is reported to run out of money by June. Robson, while agreeing that the company has only short-term funding, is optimistic about its future; the company has funds until after June, budgeting at a 30% loss, off its grant money we are fairly safe of getting. We expect to run much higher than 50% loss after the Cutback, our first production in the Playhouse, and are hoping for a State Government supplementary grant.

Cutback is expected to lose about \$15,000, less than the budgeted \$21,000. Mr Robson and the company would not reveal in怎ey when the performance money ran out. "We will explore every possible use for the Playhouse ... for touring companies, local groups, concerts and various activities and will do everything possible to keep the theatre open," he said. "But it will be stark for some periods of the year. We hope however, by 1980 to be operating for a high proportion of the year. Response to The Club and early response to Cutback indicates that Newcastle does want professional theatre. That is the crucial as to the success of the company. If Cutback is successful we will be in a much better position to ask for further operating grants."

While John Robson may be optimistic that a \$15,000 grant of the company proving itself to make the grants the Newcastle government does not seem to be. The Director of the Planning Department's Division of Cultural Activities, Eric Williams, said that funds for 1979 were fully committed. He could not guarantee any further money for the HVTC this year and his remarks suggest it will be unlikely the company will receive any more money. The



The set for Cutback at the new Civic Playhouse. Photo: Troy Biggins CAA

last time a planned grant received attention a full budget is needed up to date and with a good reputation within the community, the company would obtain extended grants and would need the diligent optimism of its supporters.

Theatre supporters have mixed views about the Playhouse. While many are excited and thrilled with the result, several argue that the theatre's inadequacies do not compensate for its good points.

These argue, while not denying the durability of a theatre, claim it is too small and impractical and does not justify its \$10 million building costs. They claim that a 280-seat theatre can never hope to get in a way that it should never have been built within the limiting Cutback Workprogram, and that the inevitable closure of the HVTC will mean the Playhouse may logically, at least not fully used.

There is already talk of the need for a bigger theatre when and if the HVTC expands. But it is debatable whether it would ever be able to use the sort of money needed a second time around. When questioned on the principles of the Cultural Affairs Division, applying funds for another theatre in Newcastle, Mr Williams was very guarded.

He acknowledged that the theatre was too small to be the permanent home of a company with no audience, but he could not guarantee that the HVTC would always be incapable of giving more money. The State Government has already donated \$11,000 to the Playhouse, and recently granted \$10,000 to the company for production for year.

In spite of the general resistance and enthusiasm that surrounds the Playhouse, and which includes endorsement from the Premier Mr Whitlam, and the Lord Mayor of Newcastle, Mr Conneway, some people have expressed concern that the theatre is a potential white elephant. When the HVTC runs out of performing space who will use the theatre? The

cost of running a permanent theatre and who the audience comprises will come, knowing they will only be able to attract 200 people a night?

Critics say the stage is too small, the theatre too cramped. Some ask why it was not built longways on the Westmaitland instead of width ways. Others say a theatre expert should have been consulted. Many do not approve of the site chosen.

The concerns are valid, but Bates and Robson argue that the stage is flexible and that the limitations must be accepted as a necessary reality to the theatre's function, no limitations, no theatre. The Civic Workprogram seemed the most logical choice because of its ideal location next door to the Civic Theatre, and its availability.

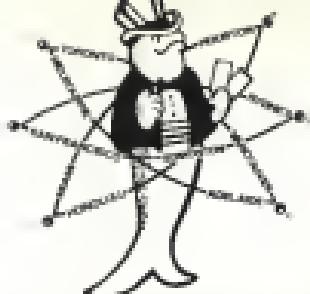
The supporters, delighted with the positive fact that Newcastle has a professional theater company and a solid theatre say that continuous discussions had to be made to get the theatre built but it was a question of compromise. A little positive thinking goes a long way — and although theatre companies do not care for good will and children share a little enthusiasm and faith helps.

The Hunter Valley Theatre Company is holding its breath about the theatre. It is not fully paid for yet, about the audience (will they come?) and about its future. But considering the sort of engaged situation that preceded the building of the Playhouse, no doubt, it is a remarkable and progressively achievement.

The City Council applied the building site still owned it, leasing it to the HVTC at \$15 a week and the money for the radical construction job raised by a building appeal. The theatre has cost \$200,000. The appeal has raised in pledges and cash, \$215,000. The company is claiming another \$21,000 from the State Government on a dollar for dollar subsidy, leaving the appeal about \$11,000 short. That does not include an

Continued on page 64

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# GENTLEMEN ONLY

Hooper's hit musical is likely to tour.  
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notes his ideas.  
**RENNIE ELLIS** took the photographs.

Anton Marlow as The Senator



Alvin Pleeth as Franklin



by CORRIGAN

## Notes to director GRAEME BLUNDELL:

This is not a drag show, it is more in the style of a vaudeville.

The doctor can consider speak to the idea of men's under, but only more so.

The large cubes and stacked Alvy (Larry Bobb) is in black velvet. This gives him a soft, weak, commanding air. The vest and trim is a faced black brocade. He is a braggart.

Freddie (Tom Pleeth), the musical one, is in a black shark skin type of silk. The hair is cold and glistening. The vest and trim is a black shantung. He is a type.

Bobby (Mike McGregor) the bawling newly wed buffoon is in black velvet. The effect is one of a more adolescent with a Gainsborough quality. The vest and trim is a black corded velvet. He is a puppy.

For the Senator (Rugby), the curvy Errol Flynn male bear is in an expensive black wool. The looks have a particularly rakish dash. The vest and trim is a charcoal brocade. He is a peacock.

All men coats and coats are faced with the same criterion and sizes as all that members on the same project. Lower back side French color.

The Senator (Anton Marlow) is in a black wool. She seems to enjoy keeping her top hat and Edwardian cloak on.

Alvin and Henry (Evelyn Krage and John Brademas) are to closely watch (skunk) costumes of the period. The trousers are full and the coats are puffed in just about to the top buttons. Their individual "blue and green should never be seen" colour schemes should guarantee that they are not mistaken for club members or the ocean function. Evelyn can teach her craft under her cap.

The set should be reminiscent of that Yale Club dining room photo I showed you recently. You might consider Gasson that during your stay in New York I pointed out the building, it is opposite Grand Central Station but I might let to take you in Gainsborough.

The estates will have a cubed look on them, on carpets etc. If the particular powder green conversion marks with the black, some chosen for the columns, stairs and base can be "imitated", these should be a question of colouring oxidized. The Empire State and the Chrysler Building can be seen in all directions.

The four large cubes "Venus de Milo" will look rather like badly polished marble. They have round shells instead of heads. This seems to be what the evening is about. Men talk about the women in their lives, who allegedly have ranking between their ears, and do all their thinking with their wives.

I think these show coincide with the direction you've described. The play is a distinctly New York themed piece. But the level of consciousness is somewhat higher than that locality. That for my part to be made, I suggest the evening requires a falsetto style which reveals itself as much in design as in the singing and dancing.



Hooper production *Gentlemen Only*. Photo: Rennie Ellis

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The *Bastard from the Bush* starring Robin Ramsay began in Melbourne, was acclaimed in London and is now playing in Sydney.

Photo: Everett Collection



Director Co-compiler

# RODNEY FISHER

talks to REX CRAMPHORN



The framework of this interview is a chronological account of the progress of *The Bastard from the Bush*. Rodney's digressions and general observations are given, as they occurred during the account, in the first person.

The initial impulse for the work came from Robin Ramsay. His long-standing enthusiasm for Lawson developed into positive feelings of affinity when he discovered that Lawson spent some of his later life near Bago where Ramsay has his own farm. He decided to compile a one-man show from Lawson's writing and early in 1976 he came to Sydney to do the initial research at the Mitchell Library. He called his programme *The Name and State of Economic Man* (Lawson's epithet for the bush) and, on returning to the Melbourne Theatre Company for *The Merchant of Venice* he showed the rough copy to John Bellamy who accepted it for production.

to Russell Steven, while suggesting that a more commercial title be found.

At the same time (April, 1976) Rodney had arranged from London to direct the first production of David Williamson's *The Club* for the Melbourne Theatre Company. After reading Robin's script he agreed to become his director and collaborator on the project, now renamed *The Bastard from the Bush*.

"I knew straight away that I wanted to do it. In several ways, Robin's affinity with Lawson was very interesting. And Lawson himself? A portrait of the man as a young

peasant. He really does personify the colonial experience of the area. It becomes ever more the group experience of any one family at Denison — country-side incarnated by a neighbour, South Road — in Victor Falzon and Kevin Hayes, the young Turks who were educated upon our father than Lawson's, but whose dreams of a self-respecting national literature and theatre left them as measured as Lawson had been."

Rehearsing *The Club* by day and reading Lawson by night, Rodney associated references and clues for the programme and as soon as *The Club* opened he began working on those with



Robin during the day, returning to the typewriter while Robin played Shostak at night. The concept of the novel as a series of linked poems was soon replaced by a more cohesive one — a play for one actor, a Fowles, autotheatrical evocation of London at his own words.

"Robe presented me with a phone (Browning-Clark on Lawrence)" says Australian Merlin, half-madness, half-boy, half-devil... which he saw as a crystallisation of his own understanding of Lawrence. Of course, Robe had taken the power to later (possibly) articulated those aspects of his own personality which resembled Lawrence's. The potential of this synthesis — given Robe's technical acrobatics and responsive plasticity — made me confident that we could attempt a total re-enactment of Lawrence."

The first performance was given at Russell Street on September 1877. The site was never

achieved an excellent outcome and control response.

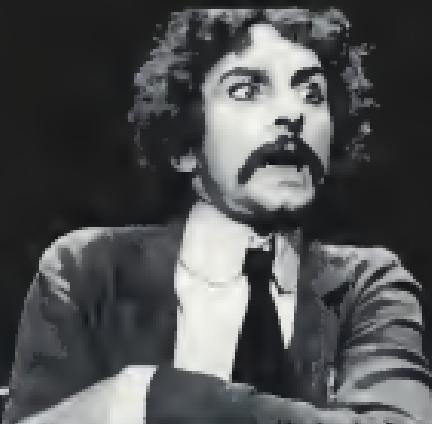
"Looking back, I see it very much as a first try and I enjoyed the Russell Street space but, in the case it was not about, perhaps I did not use it to its best advantage. The programme was less cohesive than — nevertheless, the Lauren incarnation of artistic endeavour — interdisciplinary aspiration and engaged discourse on the lines of synthesis and participation was perceived and Robert's ambivalence was much reduced."

After the Russell Street scenes were mostly passed — Rodney in Sydney doing *Observer* Behaviour in Small Spaces for the Old Town and then going to London, Robin doing *Attack* in Sydney and *Attack* for *Wanted*. Rodney was about to return home when *Wanted* called him from Australia to suggest that they attempt to present *The Damned from the Death to London*. It took about six months, from the time Rodney

Johnny Broadway, too, achieves this aim.

"I suppose those months of northern summer last June, July and August were the most of the *Beast* story. Signed up for Brevard, we worried about the story's potential to reach a non-Australian audience and about our own potential to make code out of the material. Until then it had been mostly country there were a few free-lunches, naturally, but hands were held and reassuring — Cormac Grey, Ian McEwan and particularly Sam Kiszka, whose permissioned a poem proffered in their living room by among others, Sebastian Faulks, Zadie and Koch. Deviations from the National Theatre. The only next day, audience for Brevard's artistic functions, we were advised as interval that *The Beast* was booked for a season in September."

When the play opened at the Beaufort Studio in September there were about forty bookings for



the first night but by various other root of the difficulties were held and, as a result of a good press and excellent word of mouth the season sold well and extra performances were given.

"Part of The Doctor's success was the result of being presented in the Winter Studio which Irving Wardle described in *The Times* as 'a parenthesis in the life of which can be found nowhere else in London'. I feel in touch with the physical aspects of the old BBC studio, speedily converted by Potts and Rogers (building in the *the National Broadcasting Centre* in Paris) and Sunday afternoon in January 1978 when I saw an early performance of *The Gospel According to Saint Mark* by Alec McDowell in London with Peter Gill's wonderful production of *The Cherry Orchard* I thought to myself 'that's nowt in London I'd rather work'. And by some strange magic, three months later, Robin was performing *The Arrested Development of the Bush* in tandem with Peter Gill's much acclaimed production of *The Cherry Orchard*.

The National had hoped to reprise the play in the Capital for their Festival of London production but owing to a change of planning the season of one-act plays (including Cyril Connelly's James Joyce creation and John Cowdry's concert) had to be postponed. Meanwhile Robin returned to Australia. (Robin went to the dance company at the Melbourne State Opera to re-stage a ballet he had done in collaboration with Lynn Seymour, and then had been interested in the site of a Sydney festival of *The Arrested from the Bush*.)

"For many reasons it had been satisfying to present Lerner successfully in an alien environment. The adjustments we had made to ensure his accessibility to a wider audience had enhanced the script and only two alterations were necessary to site for the National stage: suddenly I asked exactly where to place 'An Old Man of your Father?' (the favoured of ours had never quite reached home) and also I happened on a way to appropriate 'The Faun in the Forest'.

You see, the present state of the work is the result of three detailed rehearsal periods together with quite a large number of performances more than half of continuity of work per headlined dividends. And I think that the *Arrested from the Bush* demonstrates that a company — albeit a company of two — can sometimes escape the constraints that too often frustrate creativity in Australian theatre — too little analysis and rehearsal, too little care and attention initially by theatre companies obsessed with the overall shape of a season, too little concern for actor needs, too little respect for author's work, and too much preoccupation with the commercial importance of opening nights."

The National season opened on the 16th March. Tony Tapp had designed the Melbourne production, Bruce Quirk had supervised the London preparation but for the first time, in Sydney, Roberty took charge of supervising the layout of the setting — the plush floor and the

furniture — which had always remained constant in his mind. The restorations and reconstructions of the production were overseen by all the cast and, despite a disappointing trade commitment, perhaps by the picture of Lerner's programme in Sydney, the Downstage Theatre has been full every night since opening and an extension of the season is being discussed.

"The National Downstage season has given us the first chance, outside rehearsal and private performances, to fully explore an intimate relationship with a whole audience: the bawdiness and bawling exuberance of the show's comedy dual, deeply self-conscious, yet often angry, Lerner. And Robin is able to raise a little from the bawd, more tragic aspects developed by and for larger audiences. It is a most wonderful way to work and now various prior stage details blossoming on the rapport and working understanding we have developed over these years Robin and I are now beginning work on a future one-man show."

I have collaborating with and reacting to the talents of others. At present my collaboration with Lynn Seymour is being translated to German audiences who show that two non-Germans in a State-run company are certainly not better than one, and my collaboration with David Williamson. I have devised the first production of his first three plays has been mounted, temporarily I trust, by considerations of money and theatre politics."

"In retrospect, one of the most important stages in the development of *The Arrested from the Bush* came between the Melbourne and London seasons with the publication of Michael Clark's *In Search of Henry Lerner* — an inspiring affirmation of our view of Lerner. Professor Clark had loved the play in Melbourne, particularly Robin's characterisation of Mr Spiv. He took immediately the perception of Lerner as this courtly artist as a vacuum — pernicious, indulged but never regarded seriously — and began his following, as part of his head-to-down European tour (however slippily and in however unashamed way), that all is the method of society and the very foundation of social self-assessments and developments, and who need be days with the awful realisation that art can be seen as a parasite and that the artist can easily be rejected out of hand. The disintegration of early 1970s had the embittered recognisance of importance and banality out, as Lerner's case, the final component of the realisation."

Michael Clark's perception of the end of Lerner's theatrical career opened a fence in Australia and the controversy spread to London environment — predominantly with the National season. Suddenly I was being interviewed by the BBC and quoted in *The Listener* — all of which was good pathology but also, and much more importantly, an unexpected confirmation of the extension and compromised track of the work Robin and I had been doing.

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T.A. proudly announces that **IRVING WARDLE**, major theatre critic of *The Times* (at present in abeyance) will be covering London theatre each month from now on.

# KEEPING OPTIONS OPEN

Irving Wardle

The one thing to be said in favour of British present television is that it has at least counteracted the other British disease of institutional paralysis. I have lost count of the number of hopeful new sitcoms that have bowed up some years later as dead pillars of the community. Highly responsible script editors and the like have managed the supposedly pernicious task of weeding out. But there can't much temptation to bury projects alive in BBC Television or the National Theatre if these institutions are cracking a jib at them.

My guess is that they will survive in spite of the institutions — new to Britain — that last stage producing organisations are now at the mercy of their critics with an interest in whether the show goes on or not less of a showman's war with the censors. It is the big companies that will collapse, and the things that will stay in the shed. And from the material that is getting onto the West End, inspected from small houses around the country, written and directed by men who have plenty of other outlets, it appears that the message had sunk in well before the present load of related difficulties hit the last.

Such the great competence of the not-best writers in Alan Ayckbourn, the unexpected master of West End comedy. The absurd

Ayckbourn play is a more fixed institution than anything one can conceive from the formula entertainment days of H.M. Tennent Ltd, and if Ayckbourn had been operating then he would doubtless have followed Rattigan and Fry and some half-forgotten Home-Comics writers. And if Ayckbourn's famously witty one-act round in the little mystery theatre in Scarborough, and brought his annual play into London a year after it has been seen in Yorkshires' Acting Agent, for instance, opened at the Garrick on 11th March and the morning after the opening Ayckbourn was spending his North in relative repose, *Sixty-Four*, for a European tour.

This may be the moment for me to disentangle myself from my judging critical colleagues, and declare *Acting Agent* to be Ayckbourn's most perfectly controlled work to date. It is a play about time about the genes the theatre can play with time, and about the wounds that afflict us human life. The whole thing takes place in the spacious garden of Richard and Anthea, a pair blessed with everything the good genes have in store, who keep open house to those less favoured than themselves. These number Anthea's hopefully south-carrying skeleton, a robust neighbouring vicar and his terminally infirm wife, and Richard's French business partner, the financially-suspective Ben.

We first meet them all at a belated party in the late 1960s when, in a series of four fast leaps, the play nonchalantly moves up to the present showing the collapse of everyone surrounding the giddy married couple.

In present terms, you can see it all passing from the start, but what counts, as always, is the detail of how it happens. We know that Ben is



Alison Steadman, Julian Fellowes, Jennifer Ehle and Robert Austin in the Globe's *Acting Agent*. Photo: Gennaro Simeoni Photography

badly going to town. We do not know that he is going to suffer his crucial defeat in the moment of creating successfully off the same coast only to discover that Richard has been playing left-handed cards to give Ben the illusion of winning. The series makes interviewing with a bittersweet tone on the cushion, in the kind of remorseless piece Ayckbourn's audiences have come to expect. It is well up in his usual standard, but the real excitement of the comedy lies not in its comic path but in passages where he deliberately brings the action in a silly, drolly way to a laugh, passages as in dead time when you observe the next events taking shape in the real air like crystals in a glass of posset. Only, as Ayckbourn is now writing it suggests a slow bicycle race, with characters constantly on the point of tumbling down a steep dark path. Very funny, and no laughing matter.

After prolonged wailing, William Gaskill — last of Dernbach Royal Court and Olivier's National Theatre — has joined Peter Hall's National Theatre team with the purpose of amending the rather derivative post-Olivier systematics. This is not a matter of getting the novelist to work that has never been given spiritual law cause that for the publications of the South Bank Board, Hall would have insisted up. It is a matter of achieving coherence without a two-side search, deciding whether Derry-Linden's throat stage is better used as an oblique presentation, and generally dispelling the "open theatre" tag which has hitherto mislabelled the address.

As to stage settings, very conclusive



Linda Eley and Ralph Richardson in the National Theatre's *The Fault in Our星星*. Photo: Donald Cooper

# International

emerged from Gaskell's unequal production of *Medea* and Remy's *A Fair Quare*. In NATTIE, the main technical crew had selected it as a strategic target and the company were kept off the stage until the last minute and then obliged to play in an makeshift set. The size of Gaskell and his designer, Hopkins Clinton, had been to extend the motif of the quare to the stage by mounting it as a raised dwelling platform, offering quick entrances through a crowd of on-stage spectators and up through a central trap.

All well and good, except that the trap had only doors and instead of crossing characters rapidly onto the scene, it remained virtually unused throughout the evening, and an unnatural sense of peril during Nelly Henson and Fred Pearson's fight. As far as stage management goes, the Oliver appeared to much better advantage at Chichester than in Gaskell's subsequent production of *The Fronts of Embarrassment*, which bypassed the essential problem of fire by covering every inch of the stage with hideously banalings and sheet dried, as in Ekakoma. Tolokov's last purchase emerged from that rather prosaic and the worthless utility cult of intricately organised belief of class distinction.

In the long run though, I suspect that more will emerge from Gaskell's masterly analysis work than from any number of prudish blow outs on design. *A Fair Quare* may have some serious literary faults, but you certainly understand the body by the end. The organic links between the skin and sub-skin, the inter-relationships between various zones of infection, the shifting skin itself. This was achieved through exceptionally close ensemble playing, which brings me back to the question of art in action.

Gaskell's cast consisted mainly not of regular National Theatre actors, but of the team he had built up for his fringe outfit, the Joint Stock Company. With these actors he had spent several months over an analysis of Robert Lowell's *The Rajah*. Presented Philadelphia, a long term project which included a touring spell in India, where they moved into an old warehouse to learn about painting and decorating through doing the job. The production, when it arrived in London last year, was fully acknowledged as a nationalistic triumph. And whatever his commitments to South Bank Council retains, he is household in the other world of poverty budgeting, and prolonged research work.

The irony in all this is that while *The Rajah* remained Philadelphia staged as one of the most persuasively repressed sequences for Trade Unions over to reach the fringe stage, nothing did Gaskell had to crusading through the National Theatre than the agreement reached in the shape of the NATTIE dispute, almost nothing has not shown. However, like Apartheid, and other part-time internationalists I could mention, he has a world elsewhere.

## LETTERS

(Continued from page 5)

4. Mr Shovelidge has any but several bad impressions of Hungarian theatre to support his contention. The most basic is critical satiric as usual. For if you remove the political content of however, it simply ends.

Sadly, this is not an isolated instance. Often, no matter what ditch of endeavour certain vocal professors pursue, the clarity of the vision is blased by the濫用 of their political hatred, and they lose all credibility.

We in the West have committed similar blunders of thought in writing during the 1950s, when we believed our experts, who declared the novelty of strength of the Communist system, and the appearance of a Sparta in the sky made these hundreds of self-styled experts redundant overnight.

I hope you keep up the good work and that *Theatre Australia* will not allow itself to become a vehicle of discredited ideas.

Yours sincerely

J. L. Laver,

Appletons WA

Dear Sir,

Well worth my subscription as I consider *Theatre Australia* to be the best news of interest to poor students that is in the decline of art and culture about and that is the lack of attention to amateur theatre.

I make this as difficult as reviewing amateur productions because of their coloured status but articles need not be regular or review or polemical advice as in *Amateur*. Might I suggest that you look in as far as such as the one coming up in Newcastle, these are often variable in standard but contain some gems. Perhaps the adjudicator could report — or you might and your own reporter as I find myself hardly engaged with adjudicators.

As a second suggestion might not the sub-function of amateur theatre be analysed and represented over as may be encouraged in the arts. I might emphasize that the amateur group capitals on unique possibilities and adventures they have over professional companies such as local documentary theatre of the *Play Chorus* style.

5. A third suggestion Would it be valuable in interests of amateur theatre be analysed and represented over as may be encouraged in the arts. I might emphasize that the amateur group capitals on unique possibilities and adventures they have over professional companies such as local documentary theatre of the *Play Chorus* style.

6. A fourth suggestion Would it be valuable in interests of amateur theatre be analysed and represented over as may be encouraged in the arts. I might emphasize that the amateur group capitals on unique possibilities and adventures they have over professional companies such as local documentary theatre of the *Play Chorus* style.

7. A fourth suggestion. If such a person exists, might not some notable professional be encouraged to write an, or encouraged on, applying his skills in solving such difficulties in amateur theatre regularly branch. Not to much the "How to apply the suggested trend of making up" sort of thing. More the "What has Narval, Old Tom, Sydney Theatre Company

etc, learned from annual programme selection that might be applicable to an amateur group's programme selection policy" or the like.

A fifth suggestion. There are a number of critics throughout our state that get used by amateurs, at part-time, and professionals occasionally, as theorists. Not all these were designed for such use. Some like Clifton Hall at Matricola have little to be desired. Others contain and architects need analysing for might such not be reported upon?

Sixth. There are subsidies available to amateur theatres. Some are local and very valuable. Should they be more? Or Why not? Are they privately used?

Seventh. What sort of expenses are Australian playwrights getting at the amateur level? After all — to use that existing cliché — that's where the great novelists are.

Eighth. Most former managers for a professional amateur theatre yet in my experience the amateur amateur theatre is thriving. Why?

Ninth. Screen universities are now teaching drama. One might expect some impact first at the level of amateur theatre. Is this so? I see none.

Tenth. Professional actors have both to consider their background they might have. Yet I suspect as many have done so much as, for example, NIDA. Has our professional theatre anything to thank our amateur theatres for? What relationships exist?

Eleventh. There are a number of professional directors who direct amateur productions from time to time — often with the use of subsidy. Should their work be reviewed critically by you? I think so. Otherwise more submissions to the Australia Council. This is a report, and that is it. Based in oblivion. Do these directors use their subsidy and are their efforts fruitful? Only you can tell.

Twelfth. Years ago the Arts Council of NSW was forced to send theatre to the country. If it has been successful that should stand itself in any form as an improvement in amateur theatre. Has it? We do not know. Perhaps a look at these shows for you may be valuable.

There are sufficient points here for many articles looking at amateur theatre I am sure. If any of them prompt you to look more closely at the amateur for art than I've done previously.

Yours faithfully

W P Daker

Peterhouse NSW

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## DUSA, FISH, STAS AND VI

ROGER PILLIVARS

*Don't Get Caught (The) Power-Cross*. Directed by Anne Godfrey Smith. ACT 2 - 21 March 1979. Designer: Anne Godfrey Smith. Musical director: Dennis Norden. Lighting designer: Trish Duggan. Stage manager: Lorraine Kavanagh. Cast: Colleen Muir, Paul Joyce, Marlene, Vicki, Julie Bell, Vi (Cynthia Riddell), producer?

Someone said that books are two years behind reality. Film, stage, and TV about four or five. I often think that theatre would come next. This play is dated hardly in content, representation. Four women are presented. The most popular child of the seventeen, slightly frayed from the previous decade. The 'slash' factor, working her way through men's bodies like a collage. The straight lady, a probably alienated mother. And the political activist who can't save herself even from her boyfriend.

It is killed as a comedy, and a comedy it should be, as the characters are stock types and their lines, musical repartee. The production, however, by Anne Godfrey Smith, chose the usual

unattractive mixture of the females: some country with a small carafe of red wine; a big covariance black stage. The delivery of lines was too slow and pedantic most of the time. This weighed the presentation down. Another thing which held it down was the long entrances and exits necessitated by the stagings. This ringing and clattering put the characters at a major disadvantage, from which they reached out to the audience with great difficulty. I like very much and I was on the audience looking on, only rarely pleased, an amateur hearing.

One very fine element of the production was the use, by the designer, of a female chorus dressed in black, sitting on the side. The music, by Jenny Vanek and the lyrics by the designer herself, combined in a pleasant and strongly sexual effect. The chorus interpreted the sadness of the situation of the women for us.

One concrete example of how the staging didn't come to terms with the tragic Thesis: I spoke in the second act an ambivalence is called Sis, the Mouse master goes to meet it at the front door and tells the men to go around back. As we hear from her no longer, we assume the women with them. Later, however, a telephone call

comes for her and, called back, she runs to from the front. What was she doing there at such an antipathy, standing around? She should either have some bulk or immediately or gone around back with the ambivalence.

Another problem, which was felt throughout, was one of voice. While each voice had individual moments of true style as passed their turns were being forced out of control. The production was too measured and the pitch too high. This was no doubt because the clever lines, some of them string together building to an effect, were not working within the confines of a straight naturalistic drama.

This is a play about female malaise, relying on the same sort of humour and caricatural exaggeration as plays about male malaise. When it is serious and philosophical, it tends to be maudlin or, worse, arch vacuity, as when Sis says that what's important in this world is the last fifty years of physics and the next fifty of biology. And, unfortunately, in a curious way, it reinforces the notion that women are flighty and easily swayed toward people who just need a cap on the end. In that sense, the play is not only stereotypic; it's backward-looking.

# Executed not performed

## THE SOUND OF MUSIC

### MARGUERITE WELLS

The Sound of Music by Richard Rogers, lyrics Oscar Hammerstein II, book by Howard Da Silva and Robert Creighton. Produced by the Phoenix, Central Theatre Company, Sydney. 21 February 1979. Director: Eddie Kotev. Conductor: Keith Bayliss. Stage Manager: John Thompson. Musical Director: John Thompson.

Stages which can not seem to be for everyone and precious things than actors who can sing. Perhaps a good voice is a gift and the ability to use it is a gift, whereas the ability to act is a gift which may be refined by staff. If singing requires voice, then there are fewer people who can do it well. Why then do amateur companies need to do things like the Broadway type musicals, where the actors are so heavily weighted against them? After all, how many times with a less gifted part of the cast, does it not succeed? Quite a few, thank goodness. I think it was Shaw who said in one of those devastating pretences that there are fifty people who enjoy a good tape, for every one who would prefer a posse. I didn't believe him at the time, but now I am older and

wiser. There wouldn't be a pop music industry if people cared what the words of songs said. And there wouldn't be a Sound of Music if people required that the music of a musical be as good as the music that comes in. So when musical directors cast singers hoping that they act, they are probably only doing what most of their audience would do given half a chance.

All the music for good shows has for the large cast and the enormous backstage crew, and a nice night out for an audience who doesn't see much theatre. It does not make for great art. Catherine Philhamovich's production had a cast of one voice, that Plester, who played Maria, and a large number of singers with voices ranging from very sweet to really beautiful, suffered from this. "Well, you can sing, so we hope you can act too", indeed, but it had neither and slightly worse still. It was a production which was obviously going to pieces at the start.

Last year's highly successful production had obviously been conceived and executed on a grand and extremely professional basis. The set symbolized the frequent scene changes with the minimum of fuss. You can know their lines, they shaped the stage in a wild decorative way, they knew their dances and executed them well. It was all very ICW that that was what was wrong. They were executing, not performing. The job had given, and suddenly

enough the problem was the music. The only part of the music which was actually pleasant were the vocal diversions — and they were unaccompanied. The orchestra played out of tune and mostly without lyrics, kept right out by an uncoordinated conductor, and failed to accommodate the music to the voices. It also destroyed the original vision. Even Shirley Thorne's beautiful voice did not show off to best effect in a version of "Climb every mountain" using three way upstage behind several rows of seated audience. "Climb every mountain" went straight up the flytower.

The set with revolving corner stages down right and left, red shoulder-high curtains of Austrian Alps, pretense and enthusiasm in front of the cyclorama promised well, but the lighting was at best patchwork. The lighting was obviously four light fittings behind a screen, and the blue mountain sky was never anything but sky blue — not the glow of the last of a cloud, and certainly no mountain sunrise. So many opportunities were lost.

And still within that was certainly dry eyes to the blues that were also certainly made over — more included. And there were good laughs too, in there among the posse, there were some extremely witty lines, quite well delivered. I do wish I'd seen it last year, before it had a chance to start disintegrating.

## PROGRAM TERM ONE 1979

### IN SCHOOLS:

*JUKE* Senior High School

*X-CONFIDENTIAL* Years 3 and 4

*ALSPACK* Infants

*THE LONG AND  
THE SHORT OF IT* Pre School

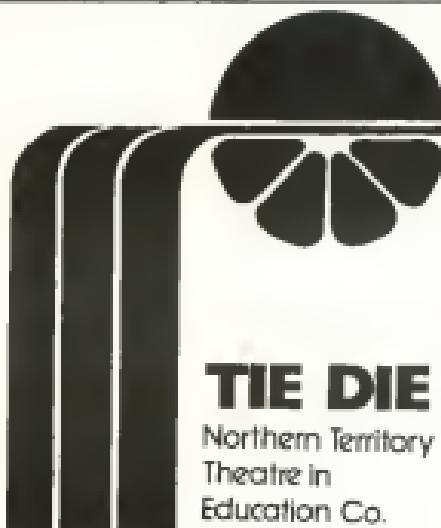
### IN THE COMMUNITY:

By arrangement with  
National Theatre, Sydney

*THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS*

By Ross Stott

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THE INTERNATIONAL  
YEAR OF THE CHILD



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## Firm and sensitive direction

### INNER VOICES

ADRIAN WINTLE

*Jesus' Voice* by Alan Stone. Directed by Stephen McCutcheon. Stage Manager: Darren Johnson. Sound and lighting design: Stephen James. Costume design: Michaela Hulme. Set design: Michaela Hulme. Production: Peter Lang. Presented by Bridge Live. Victoria Theatre, Macarthur Street, Darlinghurst. Tel: 02 9500 0000. Box office: 02 9500 0000. Open 7 days. 1991. 100 minutes.

Peter Lang, Leon Nevel's masterfully manipulative and manipulable at the Russian Court, received firm and sensitive direction by Darren Johnson during March as the cynic for the Riverton Traders Company's 10th anniversary.

Manipulation of thets is itself a subject containing high dramatic potential and Nevel achieves tension by counterposing mild buffoonery and savage psychosis in portraying the desperation of a young Russian court damaged mainly by political opposition.

But the play is especially and magnificently far an interweaving of emotional sub-themes alongside the great central issue of social dominance. Thus *Jesus' Voice* is also a sharp-edged study of opportunism, gullibility, naivete, ambition and expediency even if the far from predictable outcome of events in the story may bring a hypocritical audience in the front of suspended belief.

Partly this is the result of Nevel's almost cinematic technique. When there were following short pause in dramatic continuity partly a result of the playwright's obvious desire to place psychological exposition in a first consciousness. Thus the young czar from right dominates the play's fabric, everything else a secondary to the mix of emotions that governs the strange characters' actions and allowing for the species of improbability the play is an absorbing and challenging experience.

The first verse in the Traders Company's performance was a modest lack of cohesiveness both in acting and production terms. To be sure the play's opening scenes, during which the officers Mervyn and Leo hatch their scheme of kidnapping and possession, were flawed, with Ric Harley and Sandy McCutcheon achieving merely unconvincing verisimilitude with the fairly banal Harley never really alighting on a suspicious scheme. But from the point at which Leo is dispatched (by Johnson) and his small crew break their final goal, Peter Grey's bear saw a gamut of uncoloured



RIC HARLEY (LEO) AND SANDY MCCUTCHEON (MARGARET) IN THE RIVERTON TRADERS COMPANY'S PRODUCTION OF *Jesus' Voice*.

inactivity, or busily chit-chatting and wrily banter and never less than compelling. Sandy McCutcheon as the Holden's partner Margaret provided stronger characterization than when he was playing Leo, and Ric Harley brought the swagger to the corpulent Mervyn. On the other hand Stacey Hulme was perhaps too unconvincing in the presence, and young Sam Johnson distractingly

annoyed visitors in Macbeth's audience. Poor

Stephen Amos, setting a series of suspended dramatic shapes surrounding a simply used performing area, well-complemented Johnson's atmospheric tone of the play, and his lighting was used skilfully to build mood. But I think this production could have benefited by the use of incidental music or bridge some links.



## Two boards and a passion

### THE BASTARD FROM THE BUSH

卷之三

The Baked Bean, the Best by Bally's. Please put down  
Bally's, above exclusively from the writings of Henry L. Lewis  
Editor, *Business Week*, 1939 Special 11 March 1939  
Henry Bally's Famous Baked Beans, Keeping Beans  
Henry Wright.

© 1997 by Prentice-Hall, Inc.



Robert Rietti as Henry Lawrence in  
*The Man and the Mask*.

A plain wooden table, and two kitchen chairs; a bottle of beer, a wooden bowl, a basket containing the famous broad-brimmed hat and walking-stick, and Robert Burns' *Scots Henry*, the basket from the banks.

And the first choice, we're really like the state, our-tremendous, overbearing mother, an almost effeminate "Daddy" in his teens, who develops on the bare stage into the bewhiskered middle-aged patriarch of Dillingham's gal and the world's last *ap*!

And the answer of course is "yes," this is a language, the rich language, and it is a privilege and a joy and it tragedy to move from it to lost. One of our greatest myth figures, presented for us today — maybe an olive consciousness — might because of its losses, and it's such great wisdom — as the sentimental health balloons, the sentimental collectors of Our masses. Well of them all will be to move

until later evaluated as one of the great orators of the country, who earned easily himself all the respects of the wife as a learned orator.

To depict that man and woman in whole, works and all, is a tremendous task and Helen Rumsey and Bradley Fisher never flinch from it for a moment. The script is sometimes, full of pace and drama, and it paths no punches. Rumsey plays Lawton from brash boy to desperate drunk and great orator without a trace of condescension or "artificial". It is a tragic story but there's tragedy in it too, and wryness and cynicism. Rumsey's characterization of the Sydney "punt" is a piece of great comic dialogue, and his version of the "big" a caricature.

Runney takes us from the side bar where Lawrence was born on the Cornhill, up along the road to Gulgong the abandoned goldfields, where ancient trees stand like sentinels, where the loop track the courses of the galahs and red Dicksons and Roger Allen Poe and Bert Harte, to Sydney and his first published poem, 'Tropic in the Bush', while his dreams revealed an unending coach liaison, where for a rubdown he really will sacrifice himself.

"Henry Lawson was an Australian Merlin an unbroken bush hawk and a devil," writes Manning Clark in his last cultural study of Lawson and it is this figure that Tedney Fisher and Ramsey give us as the complex, divided man in an often language, the culturing image, say, in their brilliant *Lawson* who wrote his great stories out of his own experience, the racism that drove us to ourselves a divided country.

Lawson never visited the banks the banks he  
had won, desolate, a squatting camp in a  
valley under a barren ridge, a sea-of-blue-green  
scrub, where men stampeded and begged and lived  
like dogs on a world of dust, sand and bleached  
bones the hundreds of miles.

Drawing exclusively from the words and writings of Lawrence, Ramsay has only played Lawrence himself from youth to late middle age, but dramatizes a plethora of Lawrence "characters" along the way: the Griefful, Rich, Moonlight, Christmas, One, One (the tragic Bagan Bata), Also, the hardened from the Great Western, Joe and Mary Wilson and the maternal Mrs Speer from Lakes in a Creek, the old man of my father's with the dream of a son, Derek, the detective London "messanger", the Banned from the Bush and the Leader of the People.

The stage is full of characters, and contrast to it all his some kind of marvellously eccentric priest in *Lawson's Budget*, a his amazingly respectable collar and tie, with his shuffling walk, and his bright forest-green eyes.

There is no idealization in the character. He attacks the universe, is full of malice, megalomania, and paranoid anxiety, etc., still agreeing at will with a crowned queen who has short sleeves and tresses, chattering and suffocating caught in a pocket bag with barking legs and stately ears, still fantasizing a dream about a farm and a pregnant monkey's daughter, and "The queen is right here/born!" below her "but has no soul!"

And at the conclusion, standing comet maps dressed in the French Law colors, stuck in hand, page in mouth, but on hand, you hand used to that old self-mastery of a value. Ramsey is amazingly like Lawton, "the man who had taken his own measures to help the sun before".

A night at the late parties at the front row stand and laughed all the way through the show. Don't miss it. "You come to see yourself" and your version of a country.

And that legendary figure who still comes to lunch the Quay and Circular and Broken Biscuit eating his porridge for a sovereign, like some sort of hero. He's the Australian artist who made about seven hundred quid for that three-year literary effort, but he's back, downmarket at the Maroochydore pub, as weary, as fragile, as come to an uncertain end as ever.

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FROM  
**BANK STRAND**



and to the experience that brought up the same question in the first place.

1. *What is the primary purpose of the study?* (e.g., to evaluate the effectiveness of a new treatment, to describe a population, to compare two groups, to explore a new phenomenon)

Neat if not too  
stylish

## HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES

#### MAPLE THICKNESS

Show The Order 32nd Team by their stations. The 32nd Team  
Pickets were aligned 3 March 1917 (Source: *Order 32nd Team*  
Dwight, Arthur Eddy and James Merle, Tom Moore,  
Albert Daniels)

Front Row: Ernest Johnson, George Price, Eric Anderson, Bert  
Fenton, W. G. Clark, Harry Phillips, Andy Davis, William  
Franssen, Sam Bell, Mary Franssen, Linda Williams,  
(unlocated)

The successful Q-Theater's lead in the suburbs is the key to the Blue Mountains' web of first 1959 production, a staggeringly funny early Ayrshire play about adultery in high and lower places.

Workers around 1972, the terrible separation pace at a wavy clapping form whose participants a silent struggle for power between husband and wife. From the naturally jiggling executive Fresh's appearance only a shadow as an older with a younger man in her husband's department. And in order to keep their respective spouses in the dark may use the silent understandings of a Card now unemployed couple — the husband as the Fresh's constant — as their excuse for a long night.

As a remote drama marital path is, 'in the heat of these is the eternal comedy conflict between the forms of conventional authority in the case management husbands and wives and the forms of relation like the loved other halves of the marriage. It is an art form which rightly disrupts credited dignity, responsibility and rule'.

The two weeks against marital fidelity forever at Ayckbourn's play are allowed to encompass a full diversity of their emotional sexual experience. By doing and not being they come deviously and dangerously near to naming the love of the four women if not in anyone person, achieving this ends by decoration without actually exposing them to public humiliation. They triumph as a secret shared between themselves, the telephone and a telepathic viewing audience, while the city depicted remains half-aware of the deception, so that the chasm between illusion and reality is never crossed.

Popular comedy has always thrived upon the banterisation of subaltern subjects and English spectators. Ayrish's characters are a convincingly malevolent and dicingly sexist and the subversive physical aspects of force are incorporated in this play as two levatory episodes, which add to the battery, as do the scenes of an off-stage battle.

The third impurifying stage is also — almost literally — wrapped over the headband and at the end they are better adapted to prevent dry demands for equality of the society having been made to reverse their traditional roles. The usual results of all these were increased

the patterning, which had shaped itself, demonstrated a thus successfully accomplished in the intricate and elegant page pencil of a play which is enhanced by flashes of appealing beauty.

Vintage Aycihkans are no flancy and nobis bea. Stage encounters are mostly closely contested as members people in and out of doors, never colliding in two-and case even three simultaneous actions in different places and at different times around the same atmospheric stage set. The demands on set design and acting concentrations are formulated, not typical of a bleeding technique to cope with

immediately prior to projection of a sacroiliac confined wif.

The play's title is, of course, a pun on the classic based on the tragic story of how the tower fell over and lost its

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### Pay-off theatre

#### FEATURES

**ROBERT PAGE**  
Delaware City, Del. JC Wilkinson Publishers has sent  
Robert Page's *Wilkinson's Big List of the Dance Royal*  
Delaware City, dated 10 March, 1914. Robert  
Wilkinson, owner, 10 Main Street, Lapeer, Mich. Robert  
Cressey, Big Creek, Calif. Big Song Makers, Pacific  
Is., Jersey Shore, Penna. Blue, Mo. Blue, Blue, Blue,  
Cobain, American, Jim. Printed April 10, 1914. Music  
Copyright from Robert Page.

Third, amateur comedies and mystery novels form the shooting diet of West End and Broadway theaters. This is what draws at all about for an audience of business men and their wives who keep the industry and its social group in the two theatrical capitals of the world. Hold them near the edge of their seats, make realistic scenes with scarcely clad ladies in slightly risqué positions with maddening stages of themselves, or keep them from reading off until removal places. But hold them. When they do not come to the theater, let them come to the movies.

— depth — unless it is schematic — or provide philosophy — unless it is either comic (laughable) or pathologic (like just now) (Figure 1)

One of the main strengths of *Deathtraps* is based on the economics of the set up. The first words are from playwright Sydney Shifra (Dame Judi) informing the audience that the play "is in two acts, with five characters and one set — it has comedy, suspense, and a certain softie in it. It has a mate, the regular will be in the region of \$1 million. Probably Ira Levin's property when he wrote those lines with Broadway and West End running. West End comes a close to having second runouts."

The smaller London has now, with such big office space as Bloomsbury and Strand filled up with investment by management of one sort or another, lost its former sufficiently established for it to care in on itself as happens here. The play within the play, which comes into the possession of Boyd in act one, long ago his playmate, is not but that the work of a young writer living a hermit's existence ... Is the chance of success and fortune worth continuing such a life?

The play within the play more and more becomes the play we are watching but the trailer tradition of secrecy allows the cracks to reveal no more. What is a play, for often an initially mute bellows opening vacuum. *Deathtraps* has no pause in the along many minutes and the why- and wherefore cannot be explained without giving the game away. It can be said however, that Levin often resorts to using the voluntary power of disbelief. *Heigl* has *Deathtraps* (Maggie, Kubrick) for the whole, absurdly giddy game can be accounted for the outside world.

The problem with the underground who-does-not-want-why is that *artists* are never what they seem: *contests*, shocks, notorious names and surprising reveals are all stock in trade. The issue, especially when it has comedy in here, is really a subversion of form with all the two-dimensionality of character which this style encompasses.

Please let the sensor then move around to adjusters like "dark", "sharp" and "smooth" with perhaps "yellow", "orange", or "yellowish" reserved for the very best performance the form part does not allow such terms as "powerful", "moving", "proficient" or "impressive".

For what it is worth, then, Robyn Nevin as Bruff's wife Marge is brilliant, but rather like a Melbourne Cup Winner held at a trot. Dennis Ober, in his more or less home at this stage, could not be bettered in his sleek cogitations of the needs and wants of Bruff's audience. Clapping his first-out commercial victory in *The Red Saffron* Tuesday, the sprightly John Howard, as the apparently impudent young writer, looks all set for a successful career in West End type material. Maggie Kilpatrick, ruggedly Scandinavian as Helga, and Bruce Adams, in the sick walk-on roles, complete a cast that is, on the whole, a

One measure the committee is pursuing is

Consequently (continued) — is a riposte of the Londoners that, the propagators merely maintain "money by" — did it not suggest that? Blaikie's direction is sharp though word has it no more than a smattering of his personal West End practices. How nice for him to be so apparently undeterred by a few big bones and money too.

It is all very well for him and Ruben Novak to talk of doing plays "of the best of their kind there at" and "standards" (university at The Macbeth) but Miss Novak at least, also said "theatre should always be a devastating experience for both actors and audience" yet this does not look right so far either. Even *Jane*, with similar shocks had more *weakness*.

Levin, speaking through his characters and with his wife Abigail's help and that from Frost under his bold concern himself only with the *pop up!* The play has extensive variety ("Free now. The characters, *one set*,"—remembered) and the "totally local" suspense formula which assures that there is not even much *universal* risk. When *disaster* (possibly) is mechanically predictable as that, and has no concern whatever to qualify (none of the cited plays seemed set as that) or depth then it is a of little more value than the *ESL* (etc) police structures.

## Better than last year's travesty *Othello*

ЛУЧШИЕ РЕДАКТОРЫ

The 'Actors' Company did students of Shakespeare a disservice with their production of *Othello* last year. Not that they have been the only ones — to my mind the archetypal horror was the Teatr's *King Lear* at the Festivals in 1993. And it requires no stretch to find a common denominator — *empty* of the compatible Shakespeare and set for the HSC examination. One wonders how many teachers have been sent for us when their high point of the year is to be empty remorse by disinterested students in the latter examining the evidence in the flesh. It is an old adage: no doubt true in many cases, that teachers' later analysis of Shakespeare but then what happens if there's done the same? So why a re-examination of *Othello*? I based a course reader in the days of my youth on this play.

I will say that David Goodlatch's production is better than last year's *Willy*. But it's still a bit and pieces after. Oliver once made a shrewd remark that could be the premise of any *Willy* production: Good knows, you have to be

immensely big to Othello. It's big stuff." (New Mexico Senator and later physically and verbally big but for the present a very urbane Othello James Johnson's Lugo was markedly improved and between them they carried the evening. It was Johnson's in the first half and Rosendo in the second).

In one scene that I saw Othello should function but at this production it really amounted to a nonfunction development of character. Lisa Pavao (Desdemona) looked wistful and weary though we suspected that the part had been well directed. Kathleen Thoburn (Emilia) was fine as a study of household humility but that of suspicion when she comes in Act V. Emilia's sense of honor and outrage at Desdemona's master was completely absent. Nor did she say the only one, apart from Roderic the rest of the cast reacted to the white-clad corpse as though it was just another piece of bad fiction.

It was then, a reasonably sound piece of direction with the four main action. After that it fell to pieces. It was too long for one. The rest of the cast, with the single exception of Ralph Waite as Duke, were so obviously bad and stumbling at some points that one can forgive the play's numerous failings. Casper, Blaustein, Montana, and Lubomski were badly caricatured and acted. Rodger, in part tight and carrying a tone which he gave, looked like an early, though rather Commercial Person wandering into the wrong sentence and misreading the English for the Canadian. I know it is likely that Rodger and Lubo have a strong going but an actor who gauge more gravity and decisiveness than any Moor at Rodger's person (just as many in the same) is bound to succeed on stage.

Brabantio was portrayed without any of that  
sentimental Venetian piety which  
Shakespeare so strongly disliked. We had a  
Cassio who was stillish and portrayed most of  
that ambiguous, pale of the *ambiguus*,  
Thomson and a Iago almost absorbed in a fury  
that tags in vituperatively disguised in the  
play's opening scene. The preposterous male  
ruler of the *House of Commons* did not  
represent Shakespearian All good and well but to attempt  
"sense of raw shapes" in a trembling way is to  
miss the point. Far though that Branca knew  
Cassio, you know where, but *Camerata* actors  
require still and precision and are liable off  
stage if actors are incapable of this. It was also a  
mistake that they addressed or their colleagues to  
the audience as if it were natural not thinking

A final note: the schools will call them shouting, cheering and shouting. I use more eye rolling than any actor playing Othello would have done. But it amounts to the Actor's Company! I would consider this scenario peace off by going back to the classroom. One's continual impression of most school parents, viewing performances of act trois is that they have been really taught, they are not looking for help in interpretation, they just seem to be unaware, of important speeches and moments. That can only amount to a loss for them.



Monica Kassar, B.J. Phillips and James  
Antonucci Sing as the *Acme* Company's  
Cubans

### Supplementary

Continued from page 10

permanent theater and office, full time artistic director and administrator and a no work operating workshop period. I am not suggesting that we close, nor do I follow an option model but if we could encourage the funding bodies and the theatre as a whole to see the advantages of permanence and continuity as far as the Conference is concerned, then we might have a fully staffed, equipped and subsidised operation during all the year round with the reading, assessing and placing of new plays and with the constant provision of advice for all playwrights the publication of a playwrights directory for complete as well as a simpler, more sophisticated and detailed annual *Eastern Conference*.

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РГНПО

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Donald MacDonald (left) and Kerry Francis (right) in the QT's *Breaker Morant*.

## Would be a very good play

### 'BREAKER' MORANT

**RICHARD PETHERMORGHAM**

**Breaker** Morant by Ernest R. Gruening. Directed: Timor Courtney. Sets: Mark Arden. Costumes: John Morris. Lighting: John Branson. Design: Stephen Cox. Technical Director: Geoff Campbell. Stage Manager: Helen Kennedy. Assistant Director: Karen Murphy. Stage Manager: Sue Hancock. Kit: John Cooper. Stage Manager: Mark Morris. Production Stage Manager: Ruth McDonald. Casting Director: Barbara Gillett. Stage Manager: Ray Lumsden. Mr. Electrician: Mark Morris. Lord Chamberlain: John Captain (by Agnes Denes). Miss Berkman: Lynette Light. Stage Hand: Trevor Morris. Revue: Robert C. Tipton. Stage Captain: Vicki Hayes. Rig Captain: Michael Hart. Set Dresser: Michael Allerton. Costumes: Lynne McRae. Stage Manager: Vicki Hayes. (Professional)

With its energy, banter, and simple emotional appeal, this production is as unlikely as the typically bad batch QTG productions to ever be emulated. Its approach may be crude, brash and simplistic; but John Krasnow's arrival as resident director at the QTG looks set to light new levels of excellence in that all too terrible

#### opposition

This production of *Breaker Morant* begins with "God Save the Queen", follows with "Song of Australia", divides the action with sharp military drumbeats, and finishes with rifle and marching and saluting in "Waltzing Matilda". The action of the play, the infamous courts martial of Australian soldiers for war crimes during the Boer War, is throughout patriotic and unassailed. The defense and prosecution recounts strut and wheel, march and count, bally and capito in the bare Perry Mason manner. Each witness has his own way of testifying, whether taking off his hat, sitting, using and deporing, each with an ease and grace of poise of bumptious. There's a spectacular early sequence of historical depictions representing the Boer attack on Potchefstroom during the raid, and within the courtroom the argumentative rage with myth shouting and cabin shouting, followed by ironed packed juries during which significant glasses are exchanged and studied postures made before the trial outlaws begin.

Ken Raud's script is streets ahead of his earlier

**Don't Public Appear The Wind Blow** This play was one-dimensional, here there are real conflicts and arguments, and as subject matter an important Australian myth instead of a dubious and overhyped incident. Harry Morant and Peter Handcock were executed by a firing squad after being found guilty of killing Boer prisoners of war; the belief that they were innocent suggests has proved more popular Australian folklore.

The British government was being accused internationally of committing atrocities in Southern Africa. The Boers had introduced guerrilla warfare into modern military strategy, and Kruecher replied with the consummate policies which are now familiar, entrenched earth, concentration camps, collective punishment, and young menaces who committed the Boer attack with commando raids. When international pressure forced the British to end racism in Africa for their "mission", Harry Morant happened at the time to be leading a section of one such commando outfit the Bush Veldt Carabiniers. The execution of that unit was

made to appear as if they were the only structure that deserved just as highbrow analysis and punctuated "narrative" notes to deline and confirm the sense of *East West*.

That part of the "Brother Mosaic legend is both historically true and a valuable myth, with the other side of the story — the sooths that Morris and his officers Hambouch and W'Hoover were phantasists and miscreants because Spanier — as hoaky in reality. Ken Hechman quotes the recent evidence that all three were judged as charged, although to be far from major pose of incriminating evidence — the diary of Christopher Spanier — has come to light since the play's appearance. It now seems probable that they were members of a compact, modish and cultured, as well as gay, movement of men.

Another Missouri falloway (the pretender) pretender story. All the prosecution witnesses are white men, obvious lies corrupted by bias, power, or greed. All these defendants are fine upstanding Amherst ladies caught in a pretender trap for having merely "loyed others?" The cleverness of the three to have status leads on to a very sensational and preposterous and obvious conclusion during which letters and poems are composed, houses and gifts exonerated and final judgments made.

Two films are planned based on the *Bunker Monomotapa*. One is from the play, the other to be made in South Africa will presumably centre the position and belligerence of a popular patriotic story for the four descendants of Bunker. Mwene had been a little more reassured with the complicity of the truth, a would-be a more and more ordered

## Noel Cowardice FALLEN ANGELS

#### ПОДДЕРЖКА

Julie starts to play around 15 min. Photo courtesy QM  
Opposed March 11th (Garrison) Abolitionists League, Home  
Front Corps, Indigenous Peoples Front, New Ohio Order, First  
Stepers (Bikini), Squatters, Free Diggers, Unity, Power Resource  
and Big Party (Bikini), FreshUpPod,  
Cannabis

In the cold light of day, I find myself wondering why La Boissé over chose to recruit Félix Angib. He is a simple peasant if ever there was one, an unskilled worker at best, morose (with a small *ai*) and devoid of the acumen that developed over time to know where his own talents lay. Neither the sublime performances of Kay Purdy and Denise Egan at the concertina nor the food, prepared by *un* possible, for the same, snazzy, French arty crowd nor Elton John's crap election can dent the fact that this is a particularly simple piece of music.

On the upper stage of La Flotte, the play is like a fish out of water. Even in this early play, Corneille works through the bones of the drama rather than its substance, and at such close quarters, removed from the plain glass showpiece of the proscenium, the flesh and substance of the revised lesson is obscured.

Furthermore, a huge grand page, packed sideways, at which the ladies light cigarettes upon which they frequently recline and, upon which they have frequently piled both on hand effectively divides the room into four corners, thus making particular sections of the audience page in separate bits of the action. I found myself having a fast-course meal consumed under my very nose but passed out on much of the subtlety of the eventual débâcle.

My major query, however, is one of policy. There is little doubt that 187880 will be a crucial period in deciding the future of La Roca. Down the road, at Twelfth Night, a policy is developing which may well need to focus on La Roca's case and the oft quoted remark of Harry Chalkley's regarding their potential for putting back the frontiers of British drama in song, so be awarely put to the test. I hope they do not fall prey to the weakness that Peter de Vries once characterised "Most Coverners" - a failure of having up to the real issue.

Doesn't quite  
deliver

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SAC's colourful *Squatters* staff at being "a long way off from Motör" — not necessarily any sort of disadvantage, as David Chisholm says the *Domestic* Disc version which was such a hit at the Young Vic Alliance Festival last year will still have those aspects from this director. Motör's "class" received a deafening, peasant *Brave New World* from the Health Right that's provided the irony-free kudos of that stage-level "Italy" which most Australian audiences have found so energetic in the setting for their physical comedy and pedagogically supportive free-thinking. And as it is, yet with all that going for it, *Squatters* doesn't quite deliver the good ol' *oh, whereas* the Young Vic production magnificently kept over the Motör play back up to *Commissar* expectations: the SAC doesn't quite make it to fine ground and as last mentioned somewhere on the Neapolitan interval.

Perhaps Cleavengard and his energetic cast of well-dressed crusaders are — for good or ill — too devoted to the text, refusing to razzmatazz it prettily as a spongebob for a display of amateur comic talent. Not that heagans lacks the Rod Webster, whose brilliant Miss Le Beau last year had a definitive high doesn't quite match the artificial dusk himself, as the production can't

mainly place the character in a slightly modern domestic audience. The narrative does for domesticated biological energies, acceptable in the much maligned. Please, come along, doesn't it all suggest an analogous contemporary experimental culture – in the production doesn't – the entire nation resolutely cuts itself off from the text and goes on in a theoretical quest for the confidence, reasonably, reasonably theoretical. Whistler's come along, really comes into its own in set pieces, like the measured sustained such joke, where the audience's perplexity with Scapino the jester is overtly obvious.

The cast deliver strong, convincing work, with the polished ingenuity and careful attention to detail that one expects of this director's work. Steve Hamilton and Greg Cochrane are not only the silly hot lovers, producing expertly lucid and rigorous accounts of their roles. Michael McCafferty's men, resembling an amply stooped old Supermen, sustain a humorous piece of intelligent playwriting for its sheerfaced old maness. And in a cheery partison Ian Porter does much to anchor the show in the world of "Tatami" parts, his almost maniac presence suggesting the dimensions of a true clown rather than a mere actor.

Altogether, the ingredients are present for a fine rice Soufflé, which is the tasting however is better described as an assembly of spicy ingredients than as a successfully blended dish of Rice-Rice (Rice Soufflé).

## AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATION OF DANCE EDUCATION (N.T.)

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Edwin Hodgkinson (Dowdy) and Lester Dayman (Torch) in the STC's *American Buffalo*.

## American Buffalo or American bull?

### AMERICAN BUFFALO

STORY BY DAVID MAMET

*American Buffalo* by David Mamet. State Theatre Company of SA, Fremantle Arts Centre, SA, Opened March 28, 1979. Director Paul Rangh, Design: Michael Morris, Lighting: Michael Morris. Cast: (Torch) Edwin Hodgkinson, (Dowdy) Colm Feore, (Walter) Tim Dutton, (Gabe) Dennis O'Flaherty.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MAMET

David Mamet is only thirty-one, has written ten plays and is one of America's most produced young playwrights. Comparisons with Australia's David Williamson leap immediately to mind and although their approach to theatre is quite different what they do have in common is an ability to get to the core of their own particular milieu. The strength of their plays lies in the cultural specificity and their success proves the sound advice given in writers of all kinds — write about what you know. *American Buffalo* is set in a junk shop in South side Chicago and Mamet spent a lot of his youth playing poker with the kind of characters that appear so sharply.

The title refers to a valuable old coin which Dowd, owner of Dowd's Route Shop, plans to steal

(with a little help from his friend from the guy he sold it to). It is the name and name as the power struggle that occurs between the characters that provides the main focus of interest. Like Williamson, Mamet is concerned with the notion of women and men and the myths they surround such concepts. The play opens with Dowd dispensing wisdom and advice to the younger Walter who has problems for this, go for that, on the difference between friendship and business and how important it is not to get the two mixed up, if you're going to be a winner. Fletcher, who never appears on stage is the rule — could — the mysterious hero who has really got it all "By the balls". As the God of the play, Fletcher disseminates the axioms by his absence.

Dowd's little sermon, however, is nothing compared to the ejaculatory monologue delivered by Torch when irrepressible rambling and raving spew forth with projected momentum. Ridiculous in intent and storage and froth at the mouth but beneath the ocean of verbal excretion is the desperation of the late man who needs at all costs to convince himself and everyone else that he's on top and "Not dead". What power in his pose is that other people don't treat him this way. In true black comedy there is constantly modern Freshie like

The only way to attack these people is to kill them". The difference between friendship and business is clearly understood by him and even though he uses the myths of loyalty and honour to get his own way, it is he who finally resorts to violence and that's what he is called Freshie.

In Australia we call such myths "maxims" and Mamet's seems to explore the way in which they are perpetuated and more importantly what happens to them when they conflict with "business". If there's a back to be made or business to be done then that's what really counts — the base other being that of self interest.

So what is new? You may well ask. This is hardly uncharted territory, nor does Mamet claim any new light upon it. Apart from the obvious comparison with Peacock, our own Jack Hibberd covers much ground in his one act play *Who Was Blame* that does achieve however a more accurate reflection of contemporary Chicago politics. Like Williamson, it is by use of a subculture and the perception of what they reveal about the underlying ambivalence and preoccupation of his characters that is the key to his strength as a playwright. If however as an Australian you find you can't tune in, then you'll be left pretty unmoved by the end of the play.

What is successfully demonstrated is the

drama that we not only use language but that language also uses us. Chicago, the daughter house of America, has firmly implanted its mark in the hearts of these naive inhabitants as behind the reverting flow of show, self justification and home-spun philosophising we witness the entangled nature of human. Significantly, the only object in the jaded shop that is actually handed older than the 1935 World's Fair compact which Teach eventually steals is described by Dev as "a thing that they used to dead pigs keep their legs apart all the blood run out". Teach also makes a further reference to them all being in a bloodbath. Predictably it is Boddy the unloved, clumsy animal whose blood flows at the end of the play. As Sean Gulley stated in "as we Chicago you must examine the human spirit under examination".

This is Mick Bang's first major production for the State Theatre Company and his personal expression of American has meant that for now the attempt to achieve credibility has not resulted in plummy accents and cultural clichés. This play at any stage, Maister's intention being to focus on the words rather than the sex-vested and such of the actors pour his energy into the intensity that the language demands. Lee Deyman as Teach puts most of the laughs and seconds in achieving the right combination of

brash boasting and desperate self justification. He spits out his fast litter words with the same disdain as has for anyone who threatens or challenges his warped law. From his entrance to a supposedly cool slick gangster complete with dark glasses to his exit as a sciffl, racoon-fatty, he maintains the necessary level of condescension and verbal agility.

Teddy Hodgesmith's portrait of the gangster is equally competent and his final scene with Boddy is a subtle portrayal of confusion and fading. Colin Fahey conveys the powerlessness of the unscrupulous and the vulnerability of the hanger-on, extremely well.

Richard Roberts' set is a collection of junk harvested from various stages outside of Adelaide and serves well as a metaphor for capitalist society. Surrounded by the decadent sights of consumerism, Maister's characters, banter much other in the name of free enterprise. Whether one decides that it is American Bullshit or American Bull depends largely on how interested you are in the theories that Maister presents and the particular culture in which the characters inhabit. I feel it is the American who has just seen one of Williamson's plays — well it's OK but it doesn't really grab me. Which is the big deal?

## Theatrical gotterdamerung TALES FROM THE VIENNA WOODS

### JOHN KLEIN

*Tales From The Vienna Woods* by Oskar von Horvath, directed by Christopher Gavigan, presented by Adelaide University Theatre Guild at the Arts Centre, Adelaide, Open Month 21, Centenary Stage, 26-28 April. Cast: Michaela Brember, Alford (Nicholas Hunt), Maria (Kerry Abbott), Gwendolyn (Kerry Bennett), Miss Hildegarde (Linda Vandy), Constance (Kerry Bennett), Odile (Linda Bell), Ursula (Tessa Barnes), Mathilde (Lorraine P. Cooper), John (Colin Anthony), Clara (Sarah McGehee), Captain (Nicholas Hunt), Doctor (Stephen French), Dr. Gull (Nicholas Hunt), Dr. Anstrutt (Paul Edwards), Maxine (Dawn Hart) (Touring).

The plays of 1910's author Oskar von Horvath are only just being discovered by a drama blind and one-eyed through over indulgence in the works of his famous Weimar contemporary, Bertolt Brecht.

Brecht's *Tales From The Vienna Woods* translated by Christopher Gavigan Thompson, is being given its present production in South Australia by Adelaide University Theatre Guild Ensemble. It is not difficult to see why the play was banned by the Nazis, in one of its eccentric characters is a possessing Phoenix jealous, Fresh, who prefers girls staying to Richard Strauss rather than Wieling to Rilke. However, the figure painted as German militarism is only a minor concern of Brecht's. He has a devastating and currently topical in the vein of the way psychology has become a cerebral "cottage industry" in the "decrepit ability to lie



Theatre Guild's *Tales From the Vienna Woods*

Photo: Tom Denomy

has the soul behind the body by cleverly playing off the spoken word against the apparent innocence. Horowitz's technique of constantly just basically casting his characters out — saying one thing when they mean the opposite — produces some moments of brilliant psychosociality.

The playgoer is what would be described in today's lingo as "bored" or "boorish". Despite this, Marlene, depressed by the prospect of a suffocating marriage to Oscar, the standard boucher, is enlivened by the love of her better life with the lauded Alfred. The reason is

classed by the Depression, and Marlene is forcedly left holding the baby, discarded by her family and reduced to shooting her tea for bread at a certain store.

Unfortunately, Gordin has unwittingly thrown it all into a sort of theatrical pole-dancing — available colors being subsumed by the verbal and psychological subtleties of Horowitz's unique style of vaugcraft.

It is interesting to note Gordin's weakness that the performers, with the exception of "so-called" professionals, Marlene Tsvetaeva (Alfred's Grandmother), Graham Neale, etc.

Sydney Cartonian, really, early 70s, underground, just something to do, drug induced, wild nights and dreamy days. On the other hand we are told of a story of two who I think watched who totally disconcert and dislodge a group of layabout boppers.

The play is funny, mostly fast moving and quick to get a young audience group. The humor lies in the language of "benevolence", the constant puns, innuendos, and the apatheticness of the characters.

Daphne Venney and Pauline Carter give us two of the most banal grandmothers you'd ever hope to meet. Marlene, poor right-wingers who just judgment on the day to day lives of the average generation. Both actresses give to the parts a genuine commitment of age and a thoroughly hard working approach to playing a character. Lynn Sakska who plays the kept promises, is by comparison without being labored, as many loose women on the stage tend to become. Eugene (Bazza) Kettapham plays the queen who has no rigors for his life of drugs and debauchery with passion. He even managed to pull off some burlesque puns

Zuckerberg! Christine Johnson has excellent development of the dualities of Marlene and Paul Kohenovich is magnificently talling Yorkie who bring the play to life and the lively action of the wild art culture scene, complete with Mack Fisher's energetic, a typical Marlene and a high camp-circusier initial a conference in the red box!

The rediscovery of Horowitz's work is a remarkable one that promises to yield precious treasures from the flourishing culture of Weimar Germany which the Nazi holocaust buried so effectively.

Michael Chando's work on myth quite strong as well as portraying power struggle dependence, can't find satisfaction in the main issues of life, character, his pace and timing are good and he comes over with a certain élan.

The director Bill Rough has brought together a cast of talented people around a play designed to provide performances. Ms Sophie makes no bones, by a cast as much as laugh and by Christ you will. The director has performed wonders on what could have been a seeming tendency to go over the edge. The ensemble works well together in defining up balanced character.

It is so easy to pass the crux of a younger generation as a florid of important situations the narrative lines may create certain tumultuousness, but on the whole the dialogue remains entrancing. I felt the play fell down somewhat at the second act but the change in mood brings the play down to a lucidous base of a generation past.

It is a credit to those involved. *The Police Commissioner's Grandmother* is a light to popular theater dealing with today and today's people.

## Out to make you laugh THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S GRANDMOTHER

BRUCE M. KENDEN

*The Police Commissioner's Grandmother* by John Hopkins  
Music by Andrew Lippa © 1987 The Peter Tchaikovsky  
Brougham Company. Shana Roberts, Lighting, design, text and  
Set: Jim Sakska. Art: Karen Wagner. Resident: Steve  
Madden. Cast: Steve Bagan, Marlene, Marlene Tsvetaeva,  
Alfred's Grandmother, Lynn Sakska, Dolly, Sydney, Graham  
Neale, Eugene (Bazza) Kettapham, Pauline Carter, Daphne  
Venney, Bill Rough, Director.

Alfred's at present is here full of alternative activity. People are accepting the serving carts to drive and realize that one company does not care to all theatrical activities. One positive step in the direction of free speech and the minority group is a play written by John Hopkins and directed by Bill Rough titled *The Police Commissioner's Grandmother* and performed at Theatre 61. The play depicts

players: Hamlet and mixed up in theatrical careers. June and Pike share some sort of relationship. For a time this is all Pike's parents arrive from the mother country. We pick the story up just after the gain performance by Pike for his mom and aspiration. Or this is what the play suggests is forming in the cluster of quick scenes: side projections and costume changes beyond the plot of madness, you suspect, in other things. The story provides two actors with a vehicle to portray no characters: the Pikes and the Boggins.

The shifts the stage of perceptions is vast. From the sharp Marlene Pike in the torn kid Larry Brown's delirious play-cast give birth to stand up comedy and situations abroad. Del the place goes Pike and in comes his gay friend and random neighbor. Chet who took up with Pike's mother under highly suspicious circumstances when he was the local man. Under strange circumstances of obscurity between the characters reveal amongst themselves Larry, the hyperactive local Boggins a coltish but consider while Chet becomes a sonorous over his friends.

A pathway of market, money, fast and perceptions take the characters to the point of

explosions where the play dissolves in an almost home movie situation of devoided familiarity where two people experiencing a sense of personal adventure of the human kind. As some sort of the joy unassimilable.

Both Mr. McFaulay and Ms Anderson put an incredible amount of energy into the roles and managed to perform some wonderful doses of characterization.

The play is a difficult one, it takes the action as well as the audience. By way of an consolation though the play has levity on itself till in the final scenes all is conserved to the simplicity of two people performing some roles to keep alive a sense of magic and to let it blossoming.

Some of the humor seems awkward and looking for a laugh. A play of the mind works up in a disjointed way. At times the audience seemed confused but were content to roll along on the play's bubbly note. David Alcott direction made for audience an delivery of image. The play is intended to take on the dead, by way of projections and a reversion of the past with Pike's Alabamas as an expansive play which stretches the imagination, but you before the belt, discussion yet possible.

## Some ritual to keep alive PIKE'S MADNESS

BRUCE M. KENDEN

*Pike's Madness* written and directed by David Alcott, Stage, set and lighting design by Jim Sakska, 1979 Prints, inc. Manager: Jason Aronoff, Lighting Design: Robert Chisholm, Music: Steve Laskin, Set: Jim Sakska, Art: Karen Wagner, Art: Karen Wagner, Resident: Steve Madden, Cast: Steve Bagan, Marlene, Marlene Tsvetaeva, Alfred's Grandmother, Lynn Sakska, Dolly, Sydney, Graham Neale, Eugene (Bazza) Kettapham, Pauline Carter, Daphne Venney, Bill Rough, Director.

Like the title David Alcott's plays are indeed odd stories. They stand up in front of you, but about three weeks away in Trompe's Red Shoe and deliver the goods as large as life. His latest "bogey" revolves about a teacher and his encounters into madness. A play for two Pike's Madness draws on the talents of John McFaulay and Christine Anderson.

The play takes place in the Boggins household where Pike of the students is over this a caused major. Mr. Boggins's daughter, June by name, once invited for dinner comes home to the because he apparently looked happy. The teacher happened to be Pike who was somehow



Hospital protection of children with **Phoebe Tracy, MA, RN**

## Weakness exaggerated by production

**GENTLEMEN ONLY**

第二章 项目管理

Some years ago at England — before feminism became a subject for international benefaction — a radical male friend of mine directed a student project on *Women's Liberation* at the end of which a girl in the group wrote a poem that began, "This is a funny project. Women's

## References used for this study

I remembered the piano on the last night of *Guilty Pleasure* (July 1970) "a musical chasm" an "im-  
pressive man's club in New York" in 1967? All  
the characters are male and they're all played by  
men. But in the programme there was the  
crying pregnancy. *Guilty Pleasure*? *Guilty  
Please*? One could imagine the "We, our  
body" a man sits with his legs wide apart.  
Marilyn, you're not playing a woman. You're  
playing a man who's pretending to play a  
woman. Now — everyone on stage for the case  
—

*Crabbington Only* takes the form of a song and dance: there's bush around songs from the period 1890 — 1900, and jingles from old photobooks. Four Club officials, together with Isabey, the page and Henry, the chocolate-coloured coon servant, whilst away the time of four in the morning in this haven where women aren't allowed. They draft, vintage staves, etc., preserve jingles play pool and retrieve lost

the annual Club show. And they sing, mainly about the "Lonely Gypsy" girls they exclude from the Club (with white sexual standards they're clearly obsessed, but also about money and the problems you can buy with it. Big business).

From time to time, Johnny deals with messages about the women men. One of the messages tells a Governor of the Club Alg. that he had won a "betraying" bet with the Chairman, Freddie. The news gives an additional edge to the rehearsal for the Club show of a production scene in which Alg. plays a betrayed husband and Freddie plays the lover who betrayed him.

"All the joking and the songs," writes Evi Mersman, "are related to male stereotyping of women." And, of the jokes, she adds, "I sense that these old whistlers are still at audience on television and, especially, and in personal relationships, with the past in mind, without letting the audience over the head."

One can see what she's at. By having multi-dimensional played by women, she's trying to hold up for some expectation. Brenda Falzone, the actress and director of *One*.

But once the Keweenaw established, nothing changes. The show transitions forward from song to piano to dance and back to song again with little variety of time or place. Only, finally, in the natural scene, does Marilyn Rodriguez, playing Algy's "wife", begin at either piano/desk she captures precisely the stereotype of a woman as played by a man (but even the man does not fully explore the different levels of relationship between the husband and lover in the meditative & lucid *Requiem*).

The insidious sprouts partly from the nature of the material. The poles have to be crude and rough to demonstrate the cruelty of male savagery — but a succession of white plaid neckties becomes tedious.

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uniform songbook that we'll listen to the words. The trouble is that most of the songs are probably unfamiliar because they're usually forgettable. (An exception is a constant favorite of mine, the singing by Anna Prohaska from the *Chesapeake* episode, which I quote from

"If money talks, it sure doesn't speak to me," he said, adding, "I don't care what country the work goes to."

Whatever mistakes there are in the material, are exaggerated by the size of the production. It's intentionally poky, from the beginning, when a barbershop quartet version of the introductory song, 'Come to the Club', is bumbled up in the post of piano. There's a tendency throughout to put down the songs from a sophisticated point of view, rather than bring out any weight they might have, so that the songs aren't sung as if they ought to be memorable. Again, there are exceptions such as 'Now Show You' which has a tenderness and

which Evelyn Krupp dutifully fails to match, why not step down Brockenhurst, whose dancing lesson she should not need.

The central purpose of the production, far from holding up comic observations for inspection, ends by creating a kind of complicity: "I missed my goal, but I think I get one of poems," says Aggy, as he believes can catch Frascati in the poem. The audience laughs—but at what? At the absurdity just? Or at the fact that Frascati, when played by a woman, has no balls? What a confused audience!

briefly, it was a woman friend who suggested at the end of the evening, that the three might have fun, for rest of it had been played by men, carrying off the jokes and songs with total indifference. We might think, in Rossetti's words, have caught a glimmer of "the荣光 in the house of Fun."

And it could even have been directed by a woman.

## Recent Brecht in Australia

## CONCERNING POOR BB THE HYPOTHETICAL END OF BERT BRECHT

#### LETS REVIEW

They are only in the USA to make money. In the theatre the people are always performing ensemble — they come together and dispense again — and the actors are type stock tragedie in a package. References are mostly a process of sticking the packages together. These do not have an audience.<sup>1</sup>

— Berlin Charpentier,  
January 32, 1844.

(Hed) Beebe visited this particular colony he might have uttered these very words, perhaps adding something about escape and agoutars and apes, in the sense that since we find inferior we should all at least be the same in our superiority, and that no one should get above themselves, no exclude the little ones.

No one much rocks the boat in Argentine society. A generous comprehension of Bieckie, the local application and inventive adaptation of much of his theory and practice, a recognition of the past and, would contribute immensely to a smoother and more rapid

Fonte: <http://www.ine.pt/estatisticas/estatisticas-tematicas/estatisticas-sociais/estatisticas-sociais-por-tema/estatisticas-sociais-por-tema-2012/estatisticas-sociais-por-tema-2012-2/>



#### Reach Requirements: Commercial (See 10)

being mainly an insurance and pensioner. The extent of his ideas, the characteristic view of his social and political organisations, are not fully blotted or obliterated. The comedy becomes satiric, the tragedy sentimental. These productions do not, to quote George Steiner, present the architecture of our beliefs. The Christianity is there, a mandatory component, the muscle-skeleton set.

As no analog to this malinvestment of Boehm is worldwide problem, and as an neither is in any right theoretically justified by some of Boenig's most accepted reasons from his high-inflation phase. There has been the first argument in favour. The second argument, in

by linguistic means of the strongest discontinuity, to present the class and generic in a precise form, unambiguously by characters stagecraft and unique however. It is a general and systemic approach to the nature polytypism, (species, and also that is ultimately parent-preserving and modified).

The first procedure, the *Historical Approach*, is usually explained by the interpretation of the causality theorem in Australia and abroad. The *Pure Approach* is understandable both as a *subset* in the former and a product of *ideological* strife. The first is a *product* of *ideological* strife, the second is a *product* of *ideological* strife.

www.elsevier.com/locate/jmp



Jan Freud in rehearsal for the MTC Tributary production *The Hypothetical Kind* by Bertolt Brecht

philosophical, political yet theoretical, a more humanist and aesthetic arena. The theatre was his objective. Take away the theory from Brecht and you destroy his validity in the community, whether for polyphonic and present. You prevent the audience from actively, personally, apprehending and feeling the message. You expand the probability of individually reflected and hence more effective, discovery. Both approaches denote the *subject*. What is needed then is to bring Brecht back into the theatre, and the theatre back into Brecht.

Brecht was a true modernist in that he assessed the theoretries of theory and in favour of the essential company of *Prinzipien* and *Reicht*. He assessed and proved that theory had a reality of its own, and was not just a mirror of reality with which you mindlessly reflected Brecht's highly disseminated *Aufklar* was principally an apparatus for revealing, to the audience, new, strange, different and disturbing, the standard view of reality. It was a desire to demonstrate his belief that social reality was not immobile, that society had to create itself, just as the *existenzialis* assumed that an individual had to create itself.

The most unconvincing example of *Pure Brecht* I've seen would have to be Lindsay Smith's production for the APG of *The Resistible*. A good example of *Hypothetic Brecht* was the recent production by the MTC of *Aliens*. In both, the dogmatism and theorizing, were completely incoherent.

Marina's *Katrin Klopfer Klopfer*, directed by Robert Arthur, had both elements side by side. It failed to coherently unite the political passion with the theoretical and *The Pure Approach* had an appropriate representative in Robert Arthur, similarly the *Hypothetic Approach* had John Gielgud, one of the century's oldest actors. *Staging Brecht* is also a matter of *using* one

community. Acting Brecht is not a matter of acting and demonstrating. You need to be more than an excellent singer and actor.

I have seen only one strikingly successful example of a fully integrated approach to Brecht in Australia — Beverly Blankenship's *Converging Pies* B.B. only directed by Michael Bradley and extremely accompanied by Michael Dales in the programme of songs, poems, witty epigrams, diary extracts etc. Beverly Blankenship was actor and thinker as purposefully as he could be, an exponent of posing, chronic and intellectual force. She knew, as the *passion* might decide, *what* Brecht's vehicle for herself, not, as the *theorists* might claim, *what* herself a vehicle for Brecht.

Blankenship's treatment of song best illustrates her command of Brecht — her organically flexible use of voice, emission, and duration. Her technique is to set out the song through song yet simultaneously create an independent climate of mind or emotion — through reflection, face and gesture. The 'stranger' is not necessarily fixed either in stretches throughout a song or in separate or consecutive parts to the material, eg. now speaking, now organically silent, now later, now full of pathos or emotion. A full assessment of that economy is Blankenship's demonstration of Brecht's song from *Antonukk and Pfefferk* where within the first twelve lines three distinct acts of "silence" are at work upon the song.

What makes this technique so dramatically powerful and effective is that we are watching a process in a moment's understanding and feeling "The living dreams of culture" (George Lukács), an ear witness to the informed creation of human culture, ingenuity and defiance as the base of the mysterious and barbarous. Brecht's moment philosophical and

not further prevents us from simply identifying and having a good healthy welfare. His function is of the thinking or domestic kind.

As an interpreter of Brecht, as an actress, singer, and writer, Beverly Blankenship is sheer quality. She offers the Australian theatre, its public, practitioners and students a very special example of Brechtian practice in its fullness and most rounded. Drama schools, drama management and teachers should all snap her up. The object response of her Sydney season last year for once puts that fine city in some deserved and intellectual high colour.

The *Hyperbolic* last of *Bert Brecht* can only be described as unfehdered. The idea of an elderly Brecht rehashing a young actress for a role in his play *Goldene* whilst the East Berlin workers sleep in revolt on the streets is a rich one, yet suffers here from a didactic didacticism in action and a reluctance to extensively explore, in the writing, all the potential possibilities.

The least successful aspect of the whole evening, however, rests with the production. The two actors were frequently exercised by a lack of purposeful magnetism and technical support. Consequently the performances were unplaced and erratic. The director seemed extremely loath to apply shape, pace and focus to the material and left a lot of holes and awkward changes. I have experienced Luis Muniaca at work in an hour before but never as a director. I imagine he understands what it is like to be cast on stage with amateur material.

In the wings Jan Freud tended to hovering and audience reading it difficult to apply the appropriate tension and contrast — though as off-camera I felt she seemed somewhat unconvincing as a technically unconvincing. Peter Cowan who lacked a open friendly reply of the intensity Bert, sang in an effective duet without taking the story ends, and suggested what however and nevertheless he could out of theory, but in the end was more distinguished than ridiculous.

I have seen both Jan Freud and Peter Cowan when comfortable, hand in excellent performances. Marion Freud has given her metal as a theatre company. So, despite the audience's critics of the text I feel that the MTC through Tributary Productions could still have awarded the woman a little more production expertise than was apparent. Tributary Projects rate could ideally be a kind of fully ordered yet relatively agreeable La Mama within the off Broadway of the MTC. Relatively of course the La Mama is here to be witness, even off off. The perils, apparently speaking of that being within are that they become treated as stopgap or taken, as the usual organisational means of establishing another work company. Organically, from direction, acting and writing, needs something to purchase time and road constructively against. Too often this is seen as serving the tools of destruction rather than those of creation.

The next issue (June) will largely be devoted to Brecht — Ed.

# Like Disney himself, had some merits MICKEY'S MOOMBA

MURRAY COPLAND

**Mickey's Moomba** by John Russell. Australian Performer of the Year Final. Melbourne, Vic. Opened March 1991. Director: Alan Robertson. Music/director: Andrew Bell. Design: Paul Moran. Movement: Paul Dwyer. Sound: Paul Dwyer. Lighting: Brian Gudger. Stage: Paul Cullen. Set: Amy Cullen. Costumes: Vicki Hart. Casting: Paul Moran. Box Office: Peter Miller. Box Office: John Morrison. Prod. by: Peter Moran and Linda Johnson. Andrew Bell. Other: Michael T. Whitehouse. Production:



Ursula Harmer as the girl who believes she is Mickey Mouse in the APC's Andrew Bell's *Moomba*.

The picture on which John Russell has built his new rock musical is nothing if not pastiche. It is a mix of panto, of course, in its comic plot development. In the show of *Mickey Mouse* in the 1977 *King of Moomba*, however, Russell ingeniously mixes the song and Muppet-like art of US cultural and economic imperialism. "Whatever counts the practice has — and it has none —", thundered his programme note. "Disney in another country always works as a moral policeman."

This adds even more questions than it has the logic to answer. Would that comment, for example, still hold if you substituted the word *Mickey* for the word *Disney*? By which I mean is the basis of Russell's signature to Disney not perhaps a more malevolent chauvinism? I suppose that's not the point. The obvious is that, as well as being an art of some with some intent, I suppose what's Disney is also a *Republikan*'s "mountain", and a "real live campfire freak". Sure, just as *Phantom* was a totalistic apogee of Shakespeare, a tragicomedy, *Costello* is inconsequential, trite, and Wagner a ribald anti-Semite. But the art of them mad politicians is. And then there's what's there in *Moomba*:

that is words trying to say? I could find nothing in Russell's show to suggest that the drawn slough of a city has anything at all to offer in loss of Mickey mouse, unless it be the aggressively sex-enthusiastic and energetic of its youth. Yet in this show that potentially now says it has absorbed many into its depths. Forgettable musical numbers — and these are couched throughout in a style which is surely entirely derivative of — what but the USA?

I take wonder of Australian parents and educators really need oversteer not in polluting the minds of their young. The apparently adolescent acceptance by a mostly young audience the idea that at the time of some performances of quite non-expertish confidence seemed to indicate a not whatever measure very thoroughly set in.

It is certainly part of Russell's process that Melbourne audience do that ground show they much connect, not only of personal, but of parenthood too. And yet — it's a sad fact, take though the poor old heart who develops a hankie that will do no offence to their deeper moral conviction may like to face it, that parenthood and parenting are not only not but in theoretical achievement, they have in their time given rise to some of the World's greatest and most life-enhancing drama. I'm thinking in particular of *Antony and Cleopatra*. And it was Africa's *Mouchois* that gradually battered and tested and ultimately galvanised me as a thinking of them.

But once you noticed, there was no escaping it. It was in everything. The show is completely Aristophanic. Down to the story of the Trial of *Mouchois* there Aristophanic, it is of Russell to take an assumed trial don't as a literal slice of modern reality. From it, the length of the show, on a huge fluffy dock. The beautifully stage-maintained running to the second half *Mouchois* clashed my drowning awareness of the extremely high level of invention, wit, and fun in *One GIANT walk* singing, sharp contributions. Loved that *Arthur* boy-choir tailing part!

For yes, like Disney himself, Andrew Bell's *Moomba* had some merits — considerable ones, in fact, that gradually won me over as the rather long evening wore on. And they nearly all stemmed from the passionate commitment with which all concerned had given themselves to Russell's personal euphemism. When passionate commitment turns up with adequate technique and dislocated physical enticements the result can, of course, be distractingly embarrassing. How, for example, could the director allow Paul Tissier to have a splendid physical suitability for the role of bumbling underworld agent with all that unnecessary and external local rugging?

But when passionate commitment is wedded to total physical control and that sense of style that no amount of workshopping can induce, the result can be professionalism and artistry of the highest order and that part was matched not

once but over and over again in the course of the evening in the person of Ursula Harmer, both as a dangerously robust skin head who believes he is Donald Duck, and as the effete female-adored state of a *Baron* dynasty. Ursula won the attention whatever he is doing, because whatever he is doing he is totally measured and in an case with it without any suggestion of strain. He achieves great charm, while seeming to offer the last hint of blandness. I suspect that he represents what the *Phantom* is all about, and it would no doubt be asking for the moon to demand that a whole show be up to that standard. But Ursula Harmer in her situation, mixed up and friend who believes this she's *Mickey Mouse* was not at that in fact but a polish and relaxation, and they worked together a treat.

## Strength of the show is production

### TRICKS

#### UNSTARTWRIGHT

Directed by Alan Stratton. The Last Laugh Theatre produced. Lighting: Vic Davies. Wardrobe: Debbie Davies. Set: Michael East. Technical director: Paul Walker. Lighting: Paul Walker and Nigel Bellini. Casting: Ross McFarlane and Michael Hart.

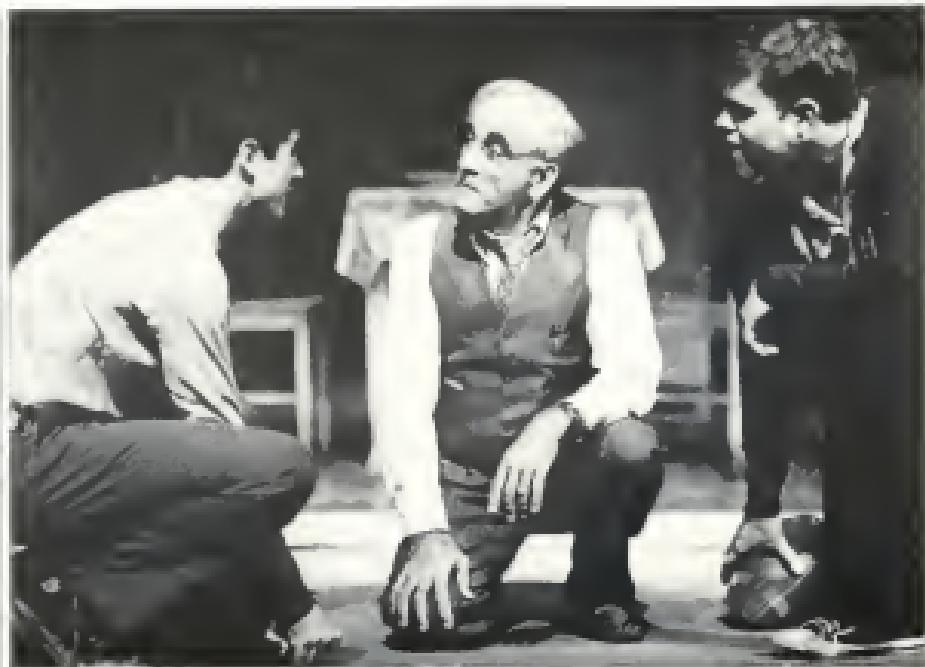
This would have been one of the most unusual shows ever conceived. It is an original entertainment based upon magic.

The concept is an old young man named Ross Stratton and the show is designed around a number of characters whom he portrays. The last is a Collingwood India who wakes up off the spirit to discover a magus has. He does a weird cloak from the lot and from the point of all manner of unlikely and strange phenomena take place. He plays tricks with another tricks. He pulls coins from seemingly separate objects, and all with such slight of hand. From the sense of about tricks to move into a realistic sequence that Neville Purdon: doing illusion to reality tricks and then to *Mario* Magician doing the other tricks.

In the second half there is a superb visual masterpiece based on 2001 Stratton is in a *Derbyshire* prison and a surrealistic space-time effect is preserved through the course of the show!

Stratton is undoubtedly a fine magician and he can act. From the entry as the India one comes he delights in a lot of banter. He masterfully goes audience interest in the characters and holds it right through as he masterfully deftly performs his tricks. The best tricks are those performed entirely on stage and without any talk. When he does talk it is generally good and extremely witty putdowns. On the right time I meant he once stepped out of role, very briefly, to give a laugh on an aside with the audience that should be avoided at a more the mood effect and derive audience





Also Fletcher, Wagner, Marshall and Gwynn Schubert at the National Theatre; Death of a Salesman

## DEATH OF A SALESMAN

MAGNETIC LUCID

It is strange seeing *Death of a Salesman* in 1979, and in order how much of it has become part of our mental furniture. It's not so much that it has died, as the fact that its message is so totally taken for granted now, making the explicit statements redundant. The psychological ramifications have become a little weary, too. Half the play shows us Willy, the other half damaged seemingly beyond repair after discovering his oldest father's list of clay. The other half shows him as the only one with the strength to accept reality and himself. It's a sombre, but not tragic, ending.

of competing local bands got away with because of the bickering and demoralizing trumpet blabs of the others I know about people having "the wrong idea."

Wilson Miller will score a 10 on his *Financial* writing, together with the two paragraphs on the corresponding values of a mood which makes it appropriate for a man of strategy to be a "Terrorist," and then Lounsbury's attempt to incorporate the conflicting values in the conclusions fails in his destruction. You won't be a well-read man and also emerge from the business press with lots full of jargon.

Stephen Barry's prediction at the Paris Psychotherapy rates almost entirely on the strength of its etymology (etymological performance) (p. 10). Warren Mitchell. Whether the narrow focus is a deliberate ploy is difficult to determine, but Mitchell argues, as the only truly three-dimensional figure, with even the most supporting action, however brief or incomplete, some how has ramifications a different level.

Marshall, Robert MacGregor with Charles

play low on top and a conversing American accent, gives a moving performance as Peter, a young, disabled salesman at the end of his tether. His wife turns up in a heap of rags, beaten and drugged, particularly in the early scenes a powerful and the pleasure of watching the performance is worth much of the tedium of the written account. What makes the whole thing even more fascinating is the way how he manages to avoid becoming All-Countee with other superficially similar family situations. But without it, he does so that the audience has the additional to the parents, quite irrelevant, of course, pleasure of watching the man coming home with a newly personal-cuticism.

Maggie Gil, as Linda, the wife, is marvelously warm and supportive, but fails to bring out the sense of quiet depression that should be present throughout to build up in the later outcomes. The same might much stronger than occurs. Alice Fletcher is at her best when young and expressive, but loses the darker sense of the poignancy as it becomes, eventually.

though he manages to suggest the idea that eventually he will succeed carrying loads of rhinoceros Drama Schools, is full benefits from his aesthetic American background which gives his performance additional strength. Edgar Metcalf, as the chamber Uncle Bill, is too restrained for an observe viewer, domineering a man's short life. He should have been larger — hammy even — the frolic.

Tony Tripp's last evocation of shabbiness and catastrophe is surrounded by a green encirclement that is more suggestive of under water than ruined surfaces, and does not seem flexible enough to accommodate some beyond the (London) horizon. The over all effect is curious a strong emphasis on sharply lit central characters with the minor roles floating in and out of a greenish murk.

There was once a feature for the "tough-minded" to approve of Miller's account by way of contrast in the witness of Tennessee Williams. There has changed our perspective, and Miller's soft centre has become apparent. The opportunity to reassess his people's play is welcome and valuable.

## Artist in complete control NOLA RAE

PHILIP MANN

Artist-in-residence, Drama Division, Perth 1979  
Alice in China  
Pl "Fest" (Perth Drama, Perth City Council,  
1979) (1979 Drama, Drama Trust,  
"Alice in China")

Nola Rae was what the Festival of Perth needed. It was a pleasure to be wholly involved in watching the performance of a theatre artist in complete control of her medium. One is thankful that the Festival organisers brought in a performer of such high achievement to Perth's movement, in local drama as in looking at that particular aspect. The Perth can name one or two people with whom in writing and expression on the art of drama, but none of them, regrettably, fit any of her in performing standards here.

By comparison, attending other presentations in the Festival was memorable for the longeurs brought about by local groups (and also, by one of the visiting companies, where the cast member, a woman, had any idea of when to begin or carry movement, posture and expression. Directors are not expected to be teachers of actors, but it seems that much is needed in this education to raise the standards of acting in Perth, and apparently Australia.

The revelation of what can be achieved by movement and expression in the two Nola Rae performances might have gone some way to beginning such education. Very likely, members of the local will have hypothesised, since most of the "available players" in Perth were committed to performances, whose playing never predicted what to see in Ms Rae.

Of course there have been more performances in Perth before this, but the need for understanding through watching the techniques remains. It is beside the point to say that "play" do not depend on movement alone. The expression advanced by what used to be called "style", when we do not appear to have any other adequate word in English, is fundamental to all acting. Recently, books on "Body Language" have been hot sellers, suggesting that this makes us newly-discovered, but good acting a body language — to the extent that analogous acting is equal to an inexpressible or inexpressive person. Note Rae's performance completely. Completely, she can be man or woman, man or woman, transforming her own sight form into whatever she is intending to be. Her hands become flexible strands — or elongated and sinew — or bumpy park-chocs — or any other form, according to the character she is presenting.

At the risk of seeming uncharitable, I find that what may come from Ms Rae's two programmes is to do injustice to the others, in that all are unimpressive and most of it is so second. It would be easy to overlook the programmes, sound-effects, make-up and lighting, as the presentations proceed so effortlessly, but, having watched two many "sophomore" performances, I draw attention to Ms Rae who sets up that does exactly what she wants it to do and perception that week, but not so as to distract from her own achievement in the action.

I wish everyone could have seen Nola Rae, especially those aspiring to performing drama or drama on the stage.



Nola Rae

## GONE WITH HARDY

COLIN O'BRIEN

Now that it is time to say what I think of *Red Thread*, Perth City Council's March 1979 Drama, Collie McVittie, Perth, West Australia. Rev. John McRae, Rev. Maxine Dwyer and Michael Price. (Performers)

Let me begin by declaring an interest. I worked as dramaturg on David Alcock's play at the 1978 "Playwrights" Conference with the author, director Trevor Clarke and actors Kerry Walker, John Alcock and Willow Eaton. I had not got further with the play on that insight of workshop than the production at the Hob in the Well indeed, so compensation is inevitable.

The play deals with also the recent past relationship between comedian Stan Laurel and an Australian vaudeville comedian, in the play called Stan Laurel presumably to avoid a libel suit. The play is built on a series of scenes many of which include or themselves focus on comedy routines. I found this a suitable device, as the tone of the play was the sort of person who would use just such a device as red light as a means of distancing people, of avoiding audience involvement. The play is set together by a dead character in direction and Scottish not called Jack McTavish, as clown at queen Elizabeth in Stan's Fliegende Antor.

As I remember, Barry Clarke was a little unhappy with the second half, but I'm not sure that the realising which has gone on through both the MTC production by Ray Lovell and the Nimrod one has helped all that much. Some of the changes seem to have been instigated by fear of the aforementioned possibility of libel (the play is based on actual events but even those put on for theatrical effectiveness do not seem to me to be much of an improvement).

The first half in Perth has been to blame the script for the play's failure, but I am inclined to think it rather less with the way things are done. It occurs to me that an accumulation of drama previous change from writing not a masterpiece, as I believe possible.

I remember Kerry Walker managing with Kate a probably Australian mixture of innocence and vulgarity in such expressions as "Bob your head, spud!" and even "Pissup with a stick up his bum". Excellent scenes though Kenny McRae is, and much as I don't wish to give away the curtain, while both Barry McKenna and myself the audience vulgarity seemed through audience's English origins.

I was a little unhappy, too, with Maana Oyler's approach to Jack. I remember Willow Eaton (during a script rehearsal with Jack, reminiscent of Spike Milligan's McGregor). One could imagine her as a Queen. Her not full character, very much the half-utancking Lester Mennen's Jack, was more spry and bouncy, though a skillful performance.

But the main source of worry by far was Michael Price's Stan, a peculiarly nervous and detached performance. John Alcock whose conception I thought excellent, managed in his



Michael Price (left), Maureen O'Brien (dark) and Jeremy McNaughton in the Heath Company's *French*

Due to combine a professional relationship with a relationship which has a sense of keeping people at a distance, the sort of distance which is a shield rather than a means of human contact. But we still felt some empathy for the man whom we, the audience, never like (or like Price's at all) the wall was impermeable.

The final aspect of the production I was

unhappy about was that the audience did not seem to feel strongly, why should too much and too many? This may have been first night nerves, but I felt that it was in the heart of the direction, so that a play which should have had fire and passion appeared "washed" and banal.

I was sorry that the evening didn't work for a number of reasons. It was Colin McCafferty's first

production as Director of the Hobart, and I would like to believe it gave a good start for the year. We should be allowed to suspend judgment on Mr McCafferty's abilities as a director, hoping that his next effort will measure up. It is truly a shame that his first play for the Hobart could not have been a success both artistically and at the box office.

Second best, though, were Ronald, or non-existent. It seemed to me that this matinee had given us I had, to see "that" things, like the Garry mouth that kept losing its jawline, or beautiful things like the Black Theatre's phosphorescent flowers and crystalline shapes. Instead we were presented with super French subtlety of an order quite beyond the grasp of the many children in the audience, and, I believe, of many of the adults too. It may be that the company has performed the subtleties so often that their meaning has become too "dull", and they no longer will long enough to establish the "characterhood" situation. Or, it may be after all, that the French are right at the vanguard of literature — that they truly represent "Avant-garde".

What I enjoyed compared up a bourgeois family dinner in the Twenties, crossed with concepts from the Keystone Cops for some they kept, and a Victorian melodrama — and all done with eight hands. Farid's warthogs for the males, and swallows, brightly coloured open mouths for the females.

The last dress Aristed was quite out of the ordinary. The five puppets made out of their right white-gloved hands (bearing anything, batons, and, finally, fireworks). This was undoubtedly the most original offering and the most absurd.

These were disappointments, though *Photography* was largely deserve — Philippe Garry or the Black Theatre did a similar sketch with a paper backdrop representing an old fashioned camera and *Paper Drunken* was an introduction to French drama.

The first note was as follows: "To begin with, here is a short sketch called, *Aristed*. You may recognize something from a short of it. Nothing new." Or — *clot*, sort, as one might appropriately put it. What follows is a safely

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Two major passages themselves on my mind on the way home from the performance. The one was a stage. The other was my first encounter with a Persian child. It was in the dining car of a train somewhere between Boronia and Park Paps. Maman and Farid had their green and apparently dressed in a short pants suit had graciously permitted me to share their table. I was having three, incidentally in Kraft cheese and a small sliver of Cheshire, and topped with University Picnic!

Urbant selected by one was — to eat the menu, of course, and he politely knew the names of all the cheeses on the after-dinner plates!

Something should be done about the French superiority complex!

## French superiority complex

### THEATRE DE PAPIER

MARGARET MAGLEN

It is extraordinarily difficult to review a theatrical performance that is best described in one word — "magical".

Yves Joly's *Theatre de Papier* is just that. It is magical in the same way that Choi-Lemes' *Imprison*, or the pan-piano music of Giacomo Zanfro or the Black Theatre of Prague. And just as one-painted screens for others the sensations of listening to Lemes or Zanfro, except by stamping together a lot of totally subjective adjectives one cannot describe the extent of the illusion that is Joly's concocted drama.

The programme notes certainly go out way towards preparing the audience for the delights in store. They are, I suspect, faithfully translated from the French of Mr Joly himself, since they are as depressing as to me Mr Joly intended each sketch so quickly as to be available in Row G of the Regal Theatre in Perth. Indeed an introduction was unnecessary since the introduction speaks eloquently for themselves.)

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evocation of the shapes mentioned — and, also, unable to stop grinning.

Later we had *Unbeatable & Passecol*, described thus: "Here is a fantasy where for us and I hope, you as well, of the unashamed and parades become father and mother, a young girl, her teacher some young ladies who associate with things that do not associate them and above all, her policeman without a chewing crumpled."

What followed conjured up a bourgeois family dinner in the Twenties, crossed with concepts from the Keystone Cops for some they kept, and a Victorian melodrama — and all done with eight hands. Farid's warthogs for the males, and swallows, brightly coloured open mouths for the females.

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Farid, the performance was very brief — given the price of the tickets, and, unfortunately, it was not for children or the mere.

The "joke" for the most part was extremely sophisticated, and it was notable that in the

1979 is seeing major strides being made in regional theatre — though often going unnoticed, it is the next major step in our theatrical development.

# Booming in the Backblocks

## — Regional Theatre Revisited.

A special report compiled by Prudence Anderson, introduced by Robert Page

Theatre for most people is associated with the way of life of major cities. Yet though urbanisation continues a steady but set in New moves are now under way to take the arts back to the regions and the country.

Groups are springing up from Darwin to Cootamundra as the regional networks of Sydney. They are trying to re-establish a link with government, to involve the local community. Steps are being made to make that to enhance their quality of life, they need the arts more than the towns need them.

There are all kinds of indications that regional professional companies are both needed and wanted. At the top end in Newcastle, the country's largest non-capital city, the Hunter Valley Theatre Company most closely approximates a capital theatre in Sydney's western suburbs: the same a mix of the Q which moved out of the city some 10 years and based in 1976 to play the area around Newcastle and Port Stephens. Their community involvement, artistic director, Dorothy Warkentin, reports that all members live in the networks they serve, in much more extensive than their Newcastle counterparts.

In Wriga the Western Trading Company, again proved how vital a community resource there. After first looking to popular plays their greatest resource and are highly deserved.

In Victoria students students from the College of the Arts started two major companies this year, WEST, in Bendigo, and The Murray River Performing Group in Albury Wodonga. Both groups did long preparatory work with the respective communities before approaching the funding bodies. They attempted to establish some rock solid audience and achievements in the early stages to avoid any suggestion of imposters of an adolescent activity.

They took all art to be adventurous without being avant garde or trying to attract non-exploited theatre audiences. They will go on to where the people congregate hopefully expressing through drama the spirit and core of their regions.

Regional theatre is poised for a major stride forward. But unfortunately it comes at a time when the federal grant is not getting any larger. In December 1978 the Theatre Board released a policy document which offers up a dollar for dollar subsidy to new theatre groups, whereas in the past they have had to live with a ceiling for project grants. The federal body is to allocate its

equity to its partners each year with a cut of all funding after five years.

The States are the stars in one encouraging them towns greatest achievements each year. One can thus suggest operates on such a limited life liability. The regions they believe, should get equal return naturally by their federal taxes.

Money spent on regional theatres this year in the high thousands of a million — but money alone cannot be used as a success. Many urban groups are almost literally in the field, forging ahead with the cause of making theatre belong to the locality at which it functions.

Their challenge corporately is to keep off the next stage development in Australian theatre. *(Australian in absentia)* from such and permission from The National Times, 12/11/1979

### The Darwin Theatre Group (Northern Territory)

The Darwin Theatre Group has survived as an amateur organisation for over twenty years. It now operates in Brown's Mart, as a theatre which has a similar open stage to The Space in Melbourne. The theatre has been constituted as a National Trust building and is now owned by the group.

Respondents are underway with the Northern Territory Government to form the basis of a professional core, using the resources already available in Brown's Mart. Members of the Territory's only fully professional ensemble, the DTG, from time to time join the DTG — perform and auditions are open to the public. DTG

is involved in a number of community projects as well as performance and a writing staff available for use in a particular resource.

The Darwin Theatre Group employs one professional Artist director, Robert Rander. Credits 1979:

Theatre Board of the	
Australian Council	\$14,000.00
Territory Government	\$ 8,000.00

### Hill Community Theatre Group (Victoria)

Hill Community Theatre Group, an activity of Deakin University, works out of an old warehouse and leased by Deakin University for use as a theatre. The company operates on various levels with ongoing community projects, workshops for adults and children as well as organising a series of workshops at the Community Resource centre.

The Hill employs seven professionals Director, James McCaughey; Theatre Manager, Community Leader and Actor, Robyn Horner, Actor/Writer William Henderson, Actor, Bea Coddington, Ian Scott, Barbara Chaykina, Marcelline Regan.

Credits 1979:

Theatre Board of the Australia	
Council	\$10,000.00
Community Arts Board of the Australia	
Council	\$ 2,000.00

The Company also receives grants from Myer Foundation, Peter Flannigan, South Burnett Council, Shire of Cane, Gladney Holt Company.



Darwin Theatre Group production of *Mark Antony and Cleopatra*

# Regional Theatre

## Hunter Valley Theatre Company (NSW)

The Hunter Valley Theatre Company was formed in early 1976 to serve Newcastle and The Hunter Valley Region. Because of its difficult financial position the company is concentrating on performances at the Playhouse Theatre and is unable to tour schools and country areas or take part in other community projects.

HVTC employs four professionals who are on contract till 30 June, 1979. The forces of the Hunter Valley Theatre Company at present are:

Artistic Director: Ross McGregor; Production Manager: Ric MacKey; Stage Manager: Alan Gammie; Ass't Stage Manager: Michael Sevier.

Actors are recruited for specific production needs.

Grants 1979

NSW Cultural Decree	\$40,000.00
NSW Film Fund	\$20,000.00
NSW ITV	5,000.00
Grants from 1978	15,000.00
One Spotlight on the Civic Playhouse	

## Murray River Performing Group (NSW/SA)

The Murray River Performing Group is Albany/Westgate's first full-time community theatre. Headquarters and rehearsal space are located in Albany. The group does not have its own theatre but doesn't use that as an inhibition.



Hunter Valley Theatre Company's production of "A Happy and Wily December" by John O'Donnell. Photo: Terry Baynes-Cox

## HUNTER VALLEY THEATRE COMPANY presents

10th May...

18th May...

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(by Dylan Thomas)

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# Regional Theatre

lower. The performers strive to build on non-traditional theatre audiences and believe this has a positive going out to meet the public. They attempt to develop the community's support and awareness of the theatre by involving the people in productions from the very early stages.

The Murray River Performing Group is particularly active in working with the support of private enterprise and has made a wide-scale commitment to community theatre projects. A feature of their work is *John O'Brien* a production involving 100 children from regional schools who will perform with the Murray River Performing Group in a concert next 15-19 May.

The MRPG employs four professionals: Director Robert Peters; Writer in Residence Lloyd Souter; Administrator Heather Rose Charnock; and, as Thespians, Actors: Marie Rinkin, Julia Taghout, Tim Ryan, Ian Mathews, Lee Charnock.

Grants: \$775

NSW Cultural Division 125,000.00

Ministry of the Arts 10,000.00

Myer Foundation 1,000.00

## The Q Theatre (NSW)

The Q Theatre was established in Sydney at Circular Quay seventeen years ago. After deciding to develop their commitment to regional theatre the group moved out to the western suburbs of Sydney in 1977. Their base theatre, the old Railway Institute building is provided for them by the Fourth Circuit. When on tour they play at Bankstown Town Hall and the



Leigh Unwin, Ian Mortimer and John Taghout from the Murray River Performing Group's *Grace Darling* Book of Morning Mail

Macquarie Auditorium at Parramatta

The Q has enrolled over 100 students in their theatre workshops, perform at schools regularly and are heavily involved in other community programmes apart from their regular productions.

The Q employs sixteen professionals who are concentrated on a partly base: Associate Director, Dennis Wetherill; Administrator, John M. Balgari; Director and Head of Design, Arthur Dicks; Youth Director and Dramaturgy, Max Blaik; Director of Q workshops, Richard Brooks; Development, Karen Jackson; Actors: Peter Hudson, Bill Cox, Sue Anderson, Alan Reid, Alexander Hay, Judy Davis; Stage Management, Sherryl Pike; Theatre Council, Linda Higgins, Leon Stary.

Grants: \$775

Federal Government 120,000.00

State Government 10,000.00

## Riverina Tramping Company (NSW)

The Riverina Tramping Company was formed over two years ago by its first director, Barry O'Connell. During 1978 the group was funded by Federal and State Governments and became officially known as the Riverina Tramping Company.

The group's theatre is on the southern campus of the Riverina College of Advanced Education and meetings will, clearly with the College theatre production crews. The Tramping Company travels a region with roads 150 miles and longer in size, a lot more this year. Unfortunately the company can only afford to tour small and short but country towns will be able to book productions up to one month after the play finishes its season on the College campus.

The Riverina Tramping Company employs seven professionals: Director Barry Jamison; Administrator, Rose Stenmark; Writer in Residence, Sandy McCullough; Actors: Steven Ains, Rick Harley, Peter Gray, Marie Rinkin.

Grants: \$775

Associated Council 121,000.00

Culture Industry Council 21,000.00

Grants from the Literature Board which provides the group with a Writer in Residence

In order to survive The Riverina Tramping Company must make up from other activities \$13,000.00 per annum.

## Theatre of Youth and Education in the Riverina (NSW)

RIP TYER died at the end of 1978 when his grant was still unpaid. After securing the group 20,000 dollars in 1979 the Federal Government refused the submission to the State funding body who had no money to enable TYER's continuation.

## Taral可惜 Theatre Company (WA) - Bridgetown

It is not a permanent company and exists together only for specific productions. It was established three years ago with a grant from the Australia Council and toured the eastern states as well as isolated areas in Western Australia.

In 1979 Co-directors Stein Grant and Sheila Hines moved to Bridgetown. Last year Taral可惜 reformed to make two separate school tours in the region.

This is the first time Western Australia has come close to having a professional regional theatre company.

## Townsville Civic Centre (Qld)

At the moment Queensland does not have a single regional theatre company. Till now people in regional areas have been served by professionals based by the Queensland State Theatre Company and TIE groups.

Townsville may be the first city in the north to establish a professional theatre group. The move is strong from the announcement of the newly built Townsville Theatre. Townsville City Council has engaged director, Rick Nelson to stage amateur productions which stimulates and trains professional actors.

Applicants for grants have already been proposed and now the outcome depends on discussions between funding bodies and the availability of directors.

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## Civic Playhouse:

Can bricks ensure performance?

Continued from page 31

condensing what is meant to be said about  
17,000.

Opposite and the Civic Playhouse is a  
delightful little theatre its first floor audience  
reaches into the roof, supported by concrete  
pillars. It has been built without major structural  
alteration and the architectural design of the  
Whitworth has stayed intact. The 197 seat  
auditorium is a tiered arrangement around a  
thrust stage with raised boxes on either side.  
The small stage is according to architect Brian  
Sexton, flexible enough an atmosphere  
nearly any size design as long as a director is  
not contemplating grand opera. But there are no  
flyng balconies and only very limited access the  
stage has to be built on location and cannot be  
changed in performance.

There is very space on either side of the stage  
and storage space is minimal. The dressing  
rooms, administration offices and green room  
inevitably necessarily hang on the left of the  
stage and are spacious and sunny. The back  
stage walls are broad polished with white  
carpet on the auditorium. The backstage  
thrust is given a pointed, flesh finish with  
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What does Theatre have as its international  
context?

Continued from page 2  
communications and economically until a debate is  
convened, as well as starting to export World  
Performances to Paris. When Maria Threnck was  
appointed Honorary Secretary in 1970 she  
travelled across Europe, China and reported on  
their structure and operation to the then  
Australian Council for the Arts. Requesting a  
small grant to operate on a part time basis of the  
Threnck

University of New South Wales. With financial  
and marketing support from the Australian  
Council, services gradually expanded and in  
1974 the Council moved to its own room at the  
Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust. Over the  
years the Honorary Secretary has been assisted by  
a series of part time editorial committees.

Robert Quigley is President of the Australian  
ITI Committee. Response to the then Sec. Maria



## Children's Theatre: A series to mark The International Year of the Child.

MAGPIE is the theatre-in-education team of the State Theatre Company. In 1978 it hit the headlines...

JOHN LONIE

# TIE: Education & Community

Magpie is the theatre-in-education team of the State Theatre Company of South Australia and comprises the director, Michael Moore, eight actors — four women and four men — a secretary, a research/writer and stage manager. Since its formation at the beginning of 1977 under Roger Chapman, the team has presented many of the major developments in theatre for young people in South Australia. At the beginning of our third year of operation, we have been casting a critical eye back over our past work in a quest toward a redefinition of ourselves in South Australia.

Generally, the direction of Magpie's work has been toward school age children, with performances usually taking place within schools themselves. However, during the annual Adelaidie Festival of Arts and the *Cities On Festival*, the young peoples arts festival in South Australia, Magpie has also presented work on the Playhouse stage. The Festival of Arts' productions, while taking up a small amount of city performance time, have been important in having theatre for young people accepted in Adelaide as an integral part of Australian theatre rather than being a mere enrichment or future 'use' on stage for the major company.

Beginning with the Festival of Arts production of Anne Harvey's *Uncle Alister* and the *Balderstones*, Magpie mounted seven new productions during 1978. Some contained themes common to any capitalist society like Australia, although certainly, nationally, were local. Among these was *David's Journey* which was designed to help very young school children from non-English speaking families with their English National, a participatory play for middle year high school students, was concerned with the problems of survival of a 'free press' in the world of media monopolies. *Shake at the Port*, probably our most celebrated production of the year because of the publicity gained from attacks made on it by some local conservative politicians, was a local 1978 look at Port Adelaide waterfront workers and their struggles with the current unemployment situation and the role of trades unions.

During September of last year, Magpie went on an accord country tour of the year, taking

*Silly Giggle's Grand Children Festival*. Do to people in the history and mining villages of central South Australia. The production and the tour itself have been central to the current reconsideration of our collective conception of theatre-in-education.

The tour was undertaken with the support of the Royal and Hobart Children's Hospital, based at Port Augusta and the assistance of the Australian National Railways, the Education Department, the Arts Council of SA and the Australia Council. The *Silly Giggle* Do was an important challenge for us because we knew that in form and content would be directed entirely to its intended audience and that this audience would be, in every case, a quite cohesive community made up of young and old. And, given that so many of these communities lack television and even radios, that they lack facilities which city folk take for granted, we had decided to mount a programme which was out of the ordinary, both for them and for us. We decided to draw on our adult life and its responsibilities yet wanted to avoid any moralising. Working with Magpie on the tour, were John and Sue Port and it was with their influence

that we were able to build up cohesive images and symbols to articulate the similarities and the not so familiar aspects of our local life.

Finally, the *Silly Giggle* Do was thematically concerned with memory and identity between people and their physical environment. The show was divided into three parts, the first involving school children, the second involving the older symbolic aspects of the place, the third being a celebratory return to the local past or here. Figures and symbols were made in the company workshop and these were used in the second part to provide the spectacle and the symbolic depth in the presentation.

Working with and involving all the members of a small community was added, a novel experience for Magpie, one which created the setting and the opportunity further to consider our future direction. We had already experienced doing a community show with *Shake at the Port* in as much as a school's production was presented to an audience of waterfront workers and their families. This show worked for both sorts of audiences although it had not originally been intended as a community play.

Theatre-in-education is usually taken to mean



Markus Colligan and others.

# Children's Theatre

dynamic presentations to school students which are fast, unscripted and aimed at capturing 'Circus' Magic stories as communicated as easily to 'marginal' presentations which we have sought to ensure in as unartificial a way as possible. The happy involvement in time and skills which the company has put into this, which has such a vital element in the *Silly O'Gaffan* Do has been important in strengthening the educational aspect of our work.

Theatre-education as we have experienced it, need not necessarily be confined only to school performances for students for the very simple and obvious reason that education itself is not the sole prerogative of the school system. Education involves the quest for critical understanding and the ability to challenge. It is as relevant to learners in Headstart and nursery settings as it is at a matinée at Sturt Street Primary School. Community performances of our work have enabled us to put across precisely the idea that live in-really theatre is education in the community.

## NOTES:

- 1 Roger Chapman is on leave for eighteen months, directing the Tykeswear Theatre in England.
- 2 See Mick Bright in *Theatre Australia*, January, 1979.
- 3 Major people are: Malcolm Moore directed, Marilyn Allen, Peter Parroo, Des James, Vicki Lekkos, Glynis Lincock, Patrick Mitchell, Sean Moore, Jenny Phillips, John Lunn, Chris Mass and Recovery Chatterjee.



Lily and Jack Spend on *Silly O'Gaffan's Do*

**Comment** Continued from page 2  
seen that some theatre companies feel that because they themselves offer a playwriting service and new readings and workshops of new plays, the Conference is an unnecessary duplication. But the ANPC's work is an adjunct to that of the companies, while they do as much script reading as they can, they rarely have the facility to vary this as they would like, and the ANPC can bear some of this responsibility. Its workshops are obviously not in competition with company readings — few can offer the same two solid weeks of workshops with top actors and directors. But as several additional playwriting companies this year have increased, rather than decreased, interest in the Playwrights' Conference, so its work is continuing to theatre improvement.

With a view to giving a broader dramatic outlet, we start this month publishing consistent monthly coverage of British Theatre (Australia should follow shortly). We are very pleased to have Irving Wallace, celebrated critic of The Times writing this column for us.

## Q & Q

Continued from page 4

as manager also, it's a matter of numbers. I don't believe that you can successfully manage one isolated people, but you can represent them. There is a great difference. It is my aspiration not only to actively seek out work for my clients, but also to promote, guide, inform and encourage them, whether they are well established or just starting out. With that amount of work to do on such a client, I see no possibility of ever having an agency list of more than a dozen people, in fact I am working on my own.

I intend to continue doing publicity and public relations in the Music Hall whilst working on my new venture, both jobs being extremely compatible. My manager, John Little of the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust, is giving me a great deal of moral support. With this, a lot of hard work plus the proverbial bit of luck, I have no doubt that I can offer the right people a management service that they previously have not been able to find.

ANNIE MCGOWAN



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Postscript

# Sutherland in Melbourne; Rhinegold in Sydney; Fledermaus in SA.

The return of Joan Sutherland to the staged opera scene in Melbourne after a hiatus of fourteen years, would surely have to be regarded as Australia's operatic event of the month for March 1975, were it not for the recent performance of Wagner's *The Ring* in Sydney a few days later.

Either of these events would have been enough to make my operatic month that both came together was truly remarkable.

The Sutherland Performance in Melbourne would have been a noteworthy event even had it been less of an event, though there it was to find, for there is no doubt Sydney has been guilty of manipulating Dame Joan's presence in the years since the opening of the Opera House. Redfern, Australian's major composer, operatic event of the year will probably prove to be the fact that Dame Joan is appearing in all four classes standard operatic roles in a total of five different roles — equaling in variety for 1975 next with the Sutherland Wilkinson touring company.

But I also found Sutherland's *Violetta* a thoroughly sterilized right down to staff quota dancing when it needed to be — in particular, of course, in the great aria that concludes Act I — but, even more so than in the effective realization of *Violetta* on stage, quite breath-taking and allowing of no realistic moments, which is what *Violetta* is mostly all about.

It is impossible to forge just a little comparison between Sutherland's *Violetta* and that of Ken Tri Kuan, who created the role in the *Die Walküre* production in Sydney last year. I found Tri Kuan's *Violetta* the most convincing performance I have heard, performance harmonically. It gave just what *Violetta* and — related needless to say — it was vocally described in psychophysics and as too glibly as well. Yet Tri Kuan's a stage personally indeed much in the only acceptable degree of the warmth and roundness that is required of the ideal *Violetta*.

Arachne however is clearly part of *Violetta's* faults, coupled with a certain state of mind — the ex. after all, a woman of many virtues but what finally makes *Violetta* great is that she is warm and human, a tender-hearted woman driven to destroy her true love under duress. She is a victim of Victorian morality as well as her fatal disease, and this last cause seems more prominently in Sutherland's *Violetta* than in Tri Kuan's, given as that was in more context.

Sutherland the vocal artist is undeniably beginning to show her age, if only in the odd hoary note of her agility and the occasional sign of strain at the very top of her range. But as the case with Sutherland the singing actress and

the vocal artist are going strong by leaps and bounds.

It is a pity, in artistic terms, that so few of the cast members could be class enough, as the convention dictates of the Palace Theatre, St Kilda, to experience the full anguish of her tragic stage personality. It was the first time I have ever heard Sutherland sing in opera that I had been moved to regard her as a voice of mere beauty, and not performance, proportion, and it was equally as thoroughly an enjoyable experience as I have ever had at the opera.

The Sutherland Melbourne *Orpheus* played much better than I have ever heard it before ironically, it was deprived of some of its spiritual beauty by being wrongly demolished in the general programme as its Sydney counterpart, and both Robert Almire (Orpheus) (prest) and Andrew Astor (Procris) were in top form. Again, of particular, assistance to progress, notably almost marshalled by himself. His still has powerfully punch and the odd sign of strain at the top of his range, but the passages of clear tenor lyrical voice more frequently and are of longer duration just about every time I associate him on stage. At the same time, he is going in for something like woodiness. He gives every sign of reaching the peak of his career in the very near future, and a very exciting post-soprano career to be.

The Melbourne *Orpheus* was very close to a dead heat in the overall excellence stakes of the month, to the low concert performance of Sydney of the first of Wagner's Ring operas, *The Ringstieg*. There were few vocal shortcomings, and a couple of remarkable vocal surprises, had the basso soprano done in a series of performances, real inspiration might well have been achieved through the mezzo.

Unfortunately, this was not the case, and there were a good many moments when one was in the full dramatic realization of the past but blurted or simply did these. To some extent this was the fault of Mark Elder as conductor — though his reading of the score was slow, very slow, sometimes drowsy — it was necessarily ruined at the expense of dramatic impact as in the really elicited moments dramatically, when Welsh probes whether to part with the Ring, and with the power to rule the world, in return for the freedom of Freia. The threatening aspect of pure silence, in the midst of three to so hours of otherwise continuous music, is most brilliantly at this point by Wagner, and to doubt Elder will quickly recognize such nuances and his future performances as he gains confidence in the mastery of the complexities of *The Ring*. There were also some technical lapses I had not anticipated from as generally as excellent body of musicians as the Sydney Symphony

Orchestra though it would be churlish to dwell on such flaws in what was by and large a superb all-round effort.

There were some weak links among the soloists, and there were some extremely strong ones — in particular Robert Gandy absolutely marvellous Loge and Donald Shearer full voiced and maleous Wotan though a was just a trifle too numerically male, perhaps, to encompass fully the character, which has more than its fair share of human frailties despite the godlike hauteur of much of Wotan's music.

The vocal engine of the evening, with no stranger to the rest of the voices, all of whom sang well and some stunningly, were Nevill Wake's Donner and Bruce Martin's Fasolt. Wake has been more or less incarcerated in the depths of the Australian Opera chorus for some time, following some impressive solo roles in Queensland a few years back — I remember his Gormont in *Die Walküre* and an inspired Roldano in particular. I had not encountered Martin before. Both sang with great power and evenness and beauty of tone, in the *Ringgold*, as prettily Martin, perhaps, as Fasolt was of course much more central to the action than Willy Rappold Ryan also made some superb entries as Froh, as did Ned Warren-Smith as Falstaff.

Reynald Meier's Alberich and Gregory Dempsey's Mime both lacked a measure of the wryly diabolical of the others. Margareta Olsson's Freia was lively to listen to, but perhaps a bit short on the kind of wily merriment and ingenuity that is so vital to her place in the drama. Elizabeth Futral was a uniformly pleasant Freia initially, but this grew really dull during the



Heather Begg, Grant Dickson, Joan Sutherland and Graeme Revell in the ACT's *Die Walküre*. Photo: Bruce Giese.

dramatically that her gift was so desperate it was worth giving with the power to rule the world to save her.

But forced by Lucia Böhm's pad about to make a show that is a relatively minor part such as Erda the earth goddess, appearing sporadically at the rear of the orchestra, well disguised from the other voices, and singing as always with a marvelous abundance of controlled tone, she achieved all the dramatic impact possible within the confines of her brief settings and the concert concert.

There was a good deal of singing and dancing in this concert performance, with most of the voices — all but Elsa, in fact — singing to and from the narrow belt of platform between orchestra and audience during the orchestrated interludes between scenes and that was surely better than having everyone sitting close-faced or standing silent-faced throughout. Nevertheless, any concert performance of an opera must necessarily run a bad second best to even a mediocre performance fully staged and it is deplorable to be forced the Australian Opera finds its way very shortly out of the consolidated political-economic mess that has threatened it since its days last for several years.

State Opera's *Fidelio*, which rechristened the renovated Opera Theatre, Adelaide, early in March with scenes of champagne both on stage and off, was the most thoroughly successful production I have yet seen from the most harshest censures of all Australian's expert composers. It seemed a very strong cast led by June Brinsford as Rosalinde supported by a superbly balanced team of co- principals in which there was no weak link; equally important, Adrian Stock's direction was for once truly adequate and Myfanwy Thomas was able to coo some more than acceptable sounds out of her voicebox.

One major comment, if only in passing, on the superb HJ action health for the theatre itself as it affected this particular production, and regret that there was a few decidedly weird acoustic effects, at least in the front row of the drama circle. Hopefully these can be corrected without great further expense, and there is no doubt that the overall atmosphere of the place has been improved significantly, and that is now a much more congenial place for performances and audiences alike.



Steven Haas and June Brinsford in the State Opera's *Fidelio*

The particular strength of this *Fidelio*, it seems to me (retiring), was its marvellous balance. Everyone was excellent and each were superb, the singing unpretentious but absolutely effective. *Fidelio* is an operetta and was played in one but its considerable musical merit was not neglected at any point.

Proleteria, the individual star performer was June Brinsford who was absolutely an heroine as Rosalinde — singing quite beautifully, and coping very well indeed even with the considerable technical demands of its most elaborate passages. Her physical presence is something of a robust handbag when she plays the imperious, society lady, yet she is such an accomplished soloist at the spoken dialogue department, and such an experienced actress, that one cannot seriously doubt such reservations as through an evening at the opera. Her role in *Fidelio*, though, was a good deal more focussed in the dramatic credibility department than in most operas due to the difficulties of the moral andungszeit fall where almost everyone of consequence to the plot is present in disguise and the whole point of the exercise is that they must not recognise each other.

The "disguises" in this particular *Fidelio* were the only significant lapses in this Leipzig's design they were awful, and stretched credibly well beyond the willing suspension of disbelief. One might have thought they were intended to be a kind of up of masquerade ball disguise except that the element of end-of-the-night-the-giggle production was totally absent, and anyone the whole plot depends on a very considerable extension on the credibility of the masquerade must work their potential out to be exploited.

There was also the additional problem of the switch of garments between Rosalinde and her chamber maid Adele, played in Adelaide superbly by Carolyn Vaughan who is as tall and slim as Brinsford is short and well proportioned. Despite full shifts going to Rosalinde for her dramatic delivery of the punch line when informed that the female bearing one of her powers was her own chamber maid, "I never would have believed it." Quite rightly it brought the house down.

Less tolerable in a very problematical Act II was the crazy way in which Dr Falke half way through the party in Oberleiter's, twisted off into an explicit revelation of the subterfuge and intrigues he was engaging in before revealing his reason for the last incident from which the name of the opera is derived. I have an amateur recording from the Metropolitan Opera, New York, on which the particular speech appears as a prologue of explanation. In that context it makes perfect sense, in the middle of Act II of the drama and in quite out of place.

The above quibbles apart though this was a *Fidelio* of real excellence — above all, for its unifying framework. That I have not for mentioned only Brinsford and Vaughan should



Keith Lewis as Falke in SSO's *Die Fledermaus*

not be taken as any reflection on the rest. Both the leading ladies of the night, Steven Haas (Eduard) and Thomas Edwards (Alceste) were excellent — the music I felt less secure assumed by Edwards being as deeply acceptable as Adele as I had found it a few weeks earlier in an otherwise much less successful Sydney production, and Haas providing a tantalising picture of his voice which will no doubt be a good deal more fully deployed when he returns to Adelaide later in the year to play Mephisto's Ritter.

Roger Howell was a thoroughly debonair Dr Falke and John Wood a hideous Frosch, assisted by a delightfully unprepossessing cast of performers from Tony Roberti as his even more unattractive offstage Frosch.

Only brief mention can be made of the two other events of the month — Iker's *Die Fledermaus* presented by the Victoria State Opera, and the Australian Opera's *La Bohème* which alternated with the Tasmanian matinées shown during March at the Palace Theatre, Melbourne.

Despite John Truscott's superb effort to bring out very early in the piece when concerning the basic concept for his sets for *Die Fledermaus* and though the thought was to have water in the foreground area supplemented by shimmering water in the background, the result was to create uninterestingly the limited performing area of the Princess Theatre and give me, in some fundamental doubts about the geography of the stage scene. Were we on a platform or an extreme, if absolute, or simply on a thoroughly well contained narrow neck of land in water?

The idea of having a giant statue buried in the rear up to its head was brilliant but the costuming — notwithstanding its much polished authenticity — appeared less authentic than that for last year's Queensland production. In general, as in many other areas of human endeavour appearances are far more

Continued on page 52

# AB first programme - triple bill shrugged off; highlights that were highlights

A lot of people had put a lot of stock in the Australian Ballet's first programme of 1990 in Sydney this year, most specifically the world premiere of Barry Mcleod's *Treasures*.

Hopes were high because people remembered the London Festival Ballet's first few years ago with the brilliant and enchanting *Présage/Son et Rêveries*, and as this latest offering of Mcleod's abundant repertoire, the same territory — the period in the title when dance halls were off the rage with their associations of old Gram Miller hats and so on — it was hoped the AB would come up with something like the consummate vision of *Présage/Son*.

In the event, it didn't quite do that and there are two reasons why. For a start it seemed that yet again a triple bill work had been shrugged off without much musicality being evoked, and, somewhat more, but not enough, application and concentration from the dancers themselves.

But more than that there were serious problems within the work as such. As Mcleod admitted himself in an interview with the *Streicher Review* there are just so many variants and problems to be got out of the limited choreographic possibilities of the period setting, being and so on. On the evidence of the ballet in performance it was apparent that Mcleod had managed to create anything much out of them, had been trapped by his material as to what.

So, as I'd make up the last of interest here, he had plunged for a lot of drama within the general nostalgia. What he in fact came up with was only the well-worn theme of a young man out on the artisan road for a lady, going on the old "Toot" dance hall, going through the motions of charming up a girl, losing her and going home alone and despondent, just as he had seemingly done twenty times before. That was it. An attempt was made to intensify this rather dreary theme throughout the scheme of dancing, but it never came about. The emotional level of the work, as well as the dramatic level of the music itself was, for the

most part, dreary, listless and ad, and for a work involving dancing the feeling of what it was just too much of a downer to play along in the memory.

Delicateness was compounded by the dancers themselves. The old time dances looked uncomfortable on them, as if they had never danced them before and had to learn them from scratch at the rehearsal.

One would like to be complimentary about *Treasures* but it would be dishonest to give praise for something that was so thin, depressing and unconvincing by virtue of its qualities.

Even David Bisch in the central role, who one manages to feel let of persons lay into some of the most amorous material, was non-plussed here, looking all at sea and not enjoying himself for a moment. I realize that it was meant to be slightly odd and yet we are meant to feel sorry for him when he comes home empty handed at the end, but it was a little too much to expect the audience to clench spontaneously when the pull of goons untilled inexorably over the entire ballet.

What was interesting to note in the first programme is that the Australian Ballet has finally realized what an asset they have been in David Bisch. There are other people in the Company who can dance better, or at least more technically proficient, but there are few who can invest their parts with such meaning from one step to the next.

David Bisch stood apart against the balance of Gauthier's *Othello* casting, as he did, the audience's attention as the character of Iago. Admirably robust are the most interesting characters in drama and no less so in dance, but the focus here is meant to be on Othello. Fortunately on opening night Gary Freeman realised what was happening and allowed himself to dance and feel into his character in this rather dreary portraying him.

Norman Othello was not so much the period general whose vanity gets in the way of seeing the passage of events but rather a living, breathing soul who too late lets himself be

hoodwinked into believing stories about his wife's infidelity, and subsequently just lets things follow their tragic course. His dancing too was far more placed in the command of his character than it normally is and the interactions between him and the actress, representing Iago, of David Bisch were electrifying.

I will always have reservations about the choreography of Gauthier though and more so in this *Othello* than in any of the other works. What we get here is rather elementary Graham technique, layout on with a sexual one, a very bold and decisive, almost of Shakespeare's *Othello* play. I thought of anything that Othello should be expanded into a more art work so that a bit more sense of calculation could be achieved. To speak through the plot of Shakespeare's *Othello* and have Delicateness shrug off twenty minutes really is tiring the audience's patience.

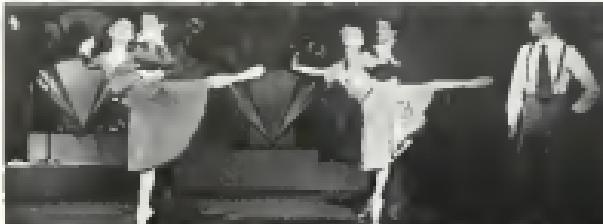
Finally, I find the whole idea of Othello teetered with his greater intelligence, originality and resonance in José Joaquim's *The Moor's Pensée*, where the web of events and intentions is treated within the musical context of a steady, clearly mapped, with all the protagonists of the drama slowly and thoroughly picking out a person. Gauthier's *Othello* succeeded partly because of the excellent work by Jerry Goldsmith and the usual dedication of the leading dancers.

It more than offset the limp unconvincingness of Ashford's *Les Amoureux* as re-arranged by Kelvin Cox. Apart from the fact that it is hardly one of Ashford's most original creations, *Les Amoureux* comes up against the old whose about the *Al* and "Ragged" dancing. The country simply cannot handle it. The style of the Royal Ballet is different from that of the AB, even though their teaching and training methods are the same. The AB now has its own style, a light, electric, dramatic style and the light are given needed by Ashford in this work is something practically beyond their ken.

Les Amoureux is nothing more than a divertissement, a set of dances for elegant people in a park somewhere, some time, of anything is to be made of it, the dancing has to carry the day.

Much as I have always admired Kelvin Cox as a good "pink" dancer with something of that elusive sense of grace, confidence and cheer about that work like *Les Amoureux* really, he seemed unable to communicate that sense to the dancers he was referring. But, the work was wooden and banal and the audience's hearts sagged with every multitude.

In some ways, the highlights that were placed



Artist of the Australian Ballet in *Présage/Son et Rêveries* Photo: Bruce Gurney

D

written the main prelude did at that time not to be the highlight, especially the Mucha-like Concerto pre-dance, as danced by Gary Norman and Marilyn Rose. Although the male part in this ballet is reduced to nothing more than that of a portier, Norman gave an excellent display of stiff and confident control in his supported Rose in all the turns, lifts and elongations that go to make up the most lengthy part of choreography. Rose herself is an estimable actress, knowing that she is not of Australia's famous dancers. Her sense of relaxation and joy in dancing is truly comforting to an audience harassed by some of the performances I have seen, and she was no less expressive and finely tuned in this work than she has been in practically everything else she has performed.

It was very considerate of guest producer Leonid Nagy to have his Bolshoi ballerina Larisa Mana performed by Karen Cai for the honour of the Melbourne pre-dance. Miss Mana, at the moment, is not only poorly equipped for the full choreographed rigours of the past but rather unsure of herself alone on stage. She had the most interesting entry through gated roofs throughout her performance, and the shoulder turns towards the end were only twenty percent of what they should be. Apart from this though, she has a good, clean line most of the time, and the fish dives at the end were very well finished, though again — and Miss Mana looked identical — to Karen Cai.

All in all the one highlight that I was thankful to see was Bouronovitch's *Aladdin Festival of Dreams*. It was a special joy to see it performed by Ann-Jeanne. She has done better in her own inimitable slopes and bounces style for this one and that was unfortunate because he had a pretty good idea of the composition, lightness and pure line that Bouronovitch's choreography demands. Ann-Jeanne knew it all though; she knew the difference in carriage, placement and port de bras that make up a Bouronovitch power like that. She finished everything with a sharp full stop and carried off the difficult turns ten levels without drawing attention to them, and most of all she had a sense of poise and fun.

Rebecca King, 20, is a dancer.



Christian Walsh, David Birch & Gary Norman in *Ondine*. Photo: Brian Clegg

## Tchaikovsky Ballet Company

### A dull but honest quality

"The Tchaikovsky Ballet Company: Russia's award winning ballet company," the ad proclaims. "The same company of energetic fire with complete orchestration and solos, following triumphs from Paris to Vienna, with special guest stars from the Bolshoi Ballet and the Mariinsky Ballet, are special programmes featuring the most popular of all Ballets, Giselle, Swan Lake and Nutcracker."

Well, it wasn't quite like that in Perth's Regal Entertainment Centre on the opening night of the Company's first Australian tour. The fire dress rehearsal making up the first of the programme began with "The Dying Swan" ended with the inevitable "Cavaliere Pas from Don Quixote" and offered the boldest glances, in a Chopin Waltz, of the two most interesting guest stars, Eva Evtyrina and Maria Dulman from the Kiev State Ballet, through energetic light plots, flashes of colour performances with the occasional swiftest finishing to let the air and a half-thousand people present know that even the Russians get it wrong sometimes, all this didn't add up to Giselleaturity. The loss of drama for which Bolshoi dances are noted was quite evident in the short *Loge* & *Mademoiselle* "Clock Pas de Deux". In fact the individual curtain calls had more theatrical impact and energy about them than most of the *Don Quixote* dancing.

As for the "complete orchestra" — at interval I counted around twenty musicians, they sounded noisy and a bit strong, and played very badly indeed. The programme notes identified the conductor as Ivan Ilyin but hardly justified the question of who the musicians were. I think I recognized some members of the WA Arts Orchestra.

Things got much better in the second half with Giselle and a fair sampling of "The more company of energetic fire". The Kiev's Irina Kolpakova deserved the role. Kolpakova, now in her mid 40s commands great respect for the substance and strength of her technique. Like the production as a whole, however, her potential lacked emotional impact, notably in the first act, where she wasn't helped by a pace of casting which gave her a mother looking more like her daughter.

It was the white act that all the general family press groups had come for, of course, and a sign of commitment went right around the massive audience at the sight of those Russian girls' voices belted in heavy blue over. The programme notes tell us that the Tchaikovsky State Academy Theatre of Opera and Ballet in Paris became the home of the Mariinsky Kiev dancers and people during the second world war. While the Reich were back to Leningrad, Paris was left with the beginnings of a school and company faithful to Kirov principles and techniques. The school must be a good one, because the Wais and Elena Iluzonova & Mana showed as a technical strength and clean lines rarely seen in classical corps work in Australia. For a combination of technique, the white act by itself would probably justify the price of admission.

The barely adequate orchestra may have been largely responsible for the muted impact of the second act, but the production in general had a dull but honest quality which made me wonder why the company should have become as the programme puts it "one of the most sought after".

Continued on page 52



Irina Kolpakova in *Giselle*

## Odd Angry Shot — ignores the awkward fact



John Jarratt, Graham Kennedy, John Hargreaves, Bryan Brown and Graeme Blundell in *The Odd Angry Shot*

*The Odd Angry Shot* like *The Deer Hunter*, is about conflict that happens to take place in Vietnam, about soldiers being made with one another and killing other soldiers, looking interesting at the card table, worrying about their women back home, worrying about their time and their sexual future, and feeling somewhat distant when they return to the old home town.

Apart from the fact that a lot more happens in *The Deer Hunter* — and why not, the budget was bigger — there is a considerable difference in the tone of the dialogue.

The Australians are sometimes. They never ask a straight question or get a straight answer. They giggle fitfully with the frequency, and not very much of the same quality (not all that bad) of a Graham Kennedy interview here.

Kennedy is the not very secret weapon of *The Odd Angry Shot*. He has the air of Hanoi, the pimpernel boor-bellied older man in the army because he only left home (and not right) for another chap just because she didn't like him much. He is a wise old man above the state of the males.

The story begins with the birthday party of Bill a young man put off to the war. He has to eat the cake and make a wish. It is clear that what he wishes is that his best friend will let him make love to her before he marches out the army. Everybody sings French, and that done with he leaves the party and persuades her to a brief roll on the lawn. From atop, Vietnam van Quan is placed. What a way to go in war, up the hill, breaking open the test of several million cans of beer.

From there on it is cards in the hole, run every day, never eat the scrub after the Charlie, a usually every ten minutes or so, and endless jokes, most of them predictable, a lot of them funny, the kind of thing that would make you laugh if you overheard it in a bar.

The soldiers don't know why they are fighting and they don't care, but they feel that when they get home the politicians, the vague and present "they" will sweep them in some way.

This is the film that was to be shown to the Prince of Wales on his recent visit and was suddenly cancelled by a city father. It may have been the inauspicious flow of dirty words,

though I don't for a moment doubt that a the way soldiers talk when communicating with each other, the cook, their vehicles, their men and their guns. Or it may have been the full frenzied under the camp shower. Incidentally, it is amazing how the men assembled up everyone of them just and shoving like surf lifers just out of the shower after a healthy days' reacquaintance and rancor. Their gleaming healthy form helped to present the shamer that I was looking at a recruiting film in which the director had gone a bit far, as to speak recorded his brief.

The males in the Don's party at the paddle fields are well portrayed by Graham Kennedy, John Hargreaves, Bryan Brown, John Jarratt and Graeme Blundell but the sight of the carcass was surely not just to show a group of fatigued Aussies drinking, relishing the odd bush pie, maybe a boxing match between a spider and a scorpion and killing a few members of the Viet Cong. There was more in Australia's prison in Vietnam than that. The right and wrong of a split the country drives the movie for some years, and it seems a waste of time to make a like about soldiers in Vietnam while ignoring that wellknown fact.

# FEMFLICKS — some deserve a commercial airing.

Some of the films in the FEMFLICKS programme at the Sydney Film Festival, Creative deserve a commercial airing — or at least wider access on television not too late at night. Among them is *Arley, A Wheel of Day* (Working with Child Care) which I thought would be about day nursery teachers but turned out to be about working parents, and a little piece called *High Hopes* (unseen) from with Little Nell's wife, *Swingin' Eve*.

This is only two minutes long, a simple yet brief highly fluid encounter between a dancing girl and her partner made by Australian Storyteller, at *Wheel of Day* the director, the minutes of exhilarating dancing on a beach directed by Sue Wilson in colour, which seems like a moving plea for the whole. Ms Wilson starts with children on a school outing and sculpting whales and turtles with live footage of the chapter.

*Arley and Working with Child Care* respectively fifteen minutes and twenty minutes, are both by Carolyn Daniels who used to regarded as having a significant future as a director. It must be said, wistfully, that there is nothing "evidently feminist", for want of a better phrase, about these two films. Their collection simply shows that women make films and some women make good ones.

*Arley* is a fictional film, assured and witty about a schoolgirl carrying out her fantasy of being one of the "beautiful people". Her change of role is then situated in a teenage factory in tight jeans and heavy make-up, a suspiciously carried out at the powder room of an airport — free framework in the plot, as it were, at first boyish manner (she naturally meets a young man with sensible handwriting) who buys her a dress

or two. The only adverse critique one could make here is that Daniels' ideologised her punch line a bit too early in the piece.

*Working with Child Care* was made for the Women's Trade Union Commission and is a very straightforward documentary. Unveiling neither gravity nor shall it, it shows parents who have to fit their working lives into school patterns which make no allowances. A Turkish woman says, "The boss don't understand because his wife don't work." An Indonesian migrant father, on the other hand, allowed to be late for work because of a short time lapse between the opening of the nursery and the closing in time of the factory. I have never seen a better example of the largely gendered fact that the child centre is as important to industry as the car park.

Another supposed short treasury is *Never See This Again* which Elizabeth O'Neill goes behind the scenes of the Women's Weekly annual cooking contest and manages to turn the whole deal up in a good-humoured way, condensing one of a piece I once read about the invention of a "precious bone" by a team of Women's Weekly staff who wanted four pages of pictures, and a column of text.

In the fictional film, *Offbeat Lives*, *Never See This Again* is a well-scripted story of a fairly cliché situation — child from the wrong side of the tracks is warned off by a friendly classmate's mother. Australian who has to think they are members of a criminal society may be more surprised at this though possibly able to guess its application on the grounds that O'Neill has set her story in the states.

*There Grows The Clover and the Mew* (Reader) is possibly the most interesting film, with a cast of three original names from New



Alan Headley, Rose and Jennifer Pearce  
(*Offbeat Lives*)  
© Peter Sissons/AGFA

Zealand and a song "Offbeaten track" a short story by Judith Wright. It was produced with the assistance of the Creative Development branch of the Australian Film Commission in colour and runs the country two minutes. The names are Geraldine Turner, Timothy Bates and Rosemary Lyle as wife, man and female friend, or other women.

The film has not to explore a marriage in which the husband is a clown and the wife a mad-mocha while the reader is a pretty girl on a beach holiday who is attracted to the man while occupying herself with a boy friend of her own age. The story finds back to an accident that turned the wife into an invalid and the husband into a bored, frustrated breadwinner. The question is, how well does the wife need her husband's bread?

The film has its moments but is consistently unconvincing, slow and could have the negative adjective, "tardy" applied to it with some justification.

## Opera

Continued from page 13  
important than her darkness.

Vocally it was a nice night but not exactly a memorable one. Tatjana Kozhina was a very good Lucia. Madam Marguerite was commanding. Normand Korth Lewis, while showing considerable stage in the role of Radames, left me less dramatically moved than Tatjana Kozhina, but in Radames' Eaton (Belcourt), in Zurich, held by his corner of the action in all departments with a workmanlike but unromanticism manner.

The Australian Operas' well beaten *La Bohème* — I did not realize all looking through the program files in the company's Sydney head quarters a few years ago. Riccardo and Iolanthe Belcourt had been stranded through the production since 1970 — was in good good form when I saw it in concert at the Melbourne Forum on March 17, less than a week after its first performance of the current season.

Revoltingly the producer had been proxy bad.

With even such an experienced conductor as Carlo Felice Colli unable to maintain ensemble and bring out effectively the major points of the score, and things had unbalanced even further during the work between the producer and the performance I attended.

But by then St. Patrick's Day manner the conductor was playing quite well if not quite so well as it had played for Bozzo in *Traviata* the previous night. Lamberto Tortorella markedly well removed from the three soloists which had badly affected his operatic performances, and John Currie was a touchingly effective Mimi.

The relationship between the vocal forces was thoroughly purged and well song, even though traces of Purcell's affliction still occasionally manifested themselves through lack of rhythm at the top of the range. Carlo Felice though was in top form — singing magnificently all afternoon and expressing a wealth of characterization.

**Drama** (Continued from page 13)  
of all Korean film companies'. Certainly they did positive *Naive Pictures* which we saw and marveled at during the 1976 Berlin tour. But greater profits would be due to the company by evaluating it as a provincial company which, because of its limited life, with the Korea don't a considerable portion of *Drama*, done in a tragic and better way by big oil oil.

*Cyberia* has no place in Western Australia's official 100th anniversary celebrations. But I wondered more at the gallantry of local audiences coming to see, just because it is *Cyberia*, a company they'd never heard of. I shouldn't worry, I suppose — when the audience in a provincial town, just on the break of the first half programme and not beginning with Octavia Missions in "The Dying Room" the lady turned me and to her friend "We glad they're doing that. They're not out of the Seven Lakes from here last year."

# Australia, Beckett, Bergman and Marowitz

The Performing Arts Yearbook of Australia 1977 (Bennell Publishing, \$12.50). See Bevans' review Bevans above, also Journalist Robert Shandley's 1 June 1978 \$1 film review (see Bevans' Movie Review Box 1142-1151, *Opposite*). The Elizabethan Melbourne Chamber Orchestra.



## Performing Arts



### Year Book of Australia

The idea of a *Performing Arts Year Book of Australia* is undeniably a good one (for us, they do the sort of thing in England, but with the 1977 scheme it is difficult to see what use it will be to where it is basically a list of concert, ballet, opera and theatrical productions, vaguely linked together by introductory blurbs and decked out with innumerable inadequately captioned photographs. It is easy to follow the work of specific companies, and there is an index of plays for the theatre section, but any other information, such as the work of a particular artist for the year, has to be searched for laboriously throughout the volume. The introductory sections are of course standard issues and are quite good and many are unoriginal in spite of being rather showy. The theatre companies are described only by name (not even city) and have misleading histories and some not, with no apparent principle in the selection. It is good to have the information gathered together in one volume, but a glossy presentation and more usefully for user needs would really improve it.

The remaining books for the month are concerned with higher matters. As said in the national press recently, complained that Australian theatre catered only for the tame (or gay and Mac) bourgeoisie — the cult now based around the question "Whatever happened to good old Entertainment?" is already well into

so more searching in the long run than Form and Mac.

Perhaps to counter this one can turn to the short prose of Samuel Beckett. *One Pintos* brings together six of his most evocative short prose pieces all "minions of longer works which were either abandoned or condemned". They all have a very specific "taste", an odd cross-walk out of the house on yet another day and somewhere a whale bone crossing has pain in the distance, a still what figure ends in meandering darkness in a white box, with fast flicker and flicker of meaning about two hundred people streets and clouds around in a暮暮 cylinder according to a set of generic roles commonly agreed upon. The pieces also have a great deal of what is usually thought of as rather arty imagery — of earth, sun, the body — but with an austere and formal precision which is astonishing. These prose pieces have the same perfect formal reflection of Beckett's analytical search for elusive "meanings" which readers will know from the later stage, film and television pieces.

And as if to prove that he is a writer and writing artist in these terms as well, we have the bad phenomenon of *The Journal of Beckett Studies* Number 1 of which was mentioned in this column a few months ago. Now Number 3 demonstrates that what would appear a perfect opportunity for academic self-indulgence is in fact, with some exceptions, a fascinating resource for the general reader of the continuing work of one of the giants of lyrical craftsmanship in the 20th century. This issue contains an unpublished short piece by Beckett, an interview with Bette Whistler about working with Beckett on stage, radio and television, and various reviews of productions, as well as the academic and bibliographical tracks.

Released is *A Film Diary* by Ingmar Bergman which contains the scripts of *Through A Glass Darkly*, *The Seventh Seal* and *The Silence*. They read amazingly well, being laid out almost as novels, the dialogue interspersed with spare lyrical descriptions. They also feature, in-depth explorations — like Beckett's poems. There is a remarkable image at the end of *Through A Glass Darkly* which almost exactly recalls the whole writing of Beckett's *Imagination Dead Awake* from *Die Schauspieler*: "it seems as if they were standing in the middle of the last relations, with the whiteness of the summer sky above their heads, as if they were about to break a globe of cold glass infinitely in the silent, many whiteness."

The *Shakespeare* brings us down with a crunch. This is a collection of his collage and variations of Shakespeare. His introduction

attempts to justify the treatment although, as he says, such work needs need in terms of content radical change, at the very assumption of art, being the only thing which makes an "experience" in the theatre possible — which is surely an extraordinary claim. In spite of his talk of the "message" in each of his collages, he seems preoccupied with pleasure alone for its own sake — or rather for the sake of shaking up his audience, whom he regards unkindly as "the innumerable fans of the stopped clock that will visit all efforts to be saved to the correct time out of an absolute desire to measure the integrity of its beaten mechanism". So go and see Marowitz, you poor dumb chaps.

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## GENESIAN THEATRE (02 2013)

Total Satisfaction by Shakespeare, directed by  
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Saturday and Sunday

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE (02 2401)

Secret Cover with Reg Livermore, directed by  
Peter Harry 12 May

As You Like It, directed by George Martin  
with Hayne Gordon, Jill Patrycian, Nancy  
Horn, Lee Hobson, Anne Grigg and Kevin  
Johns From 13 May

## KIRRABILLYPUR THEATRE (01 1913)

Kirribilli Hotel, Milson's Point  
The Vampire Show written and directed by  
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## MARIAN STREET THEATRE (02 9189)

The Times Table by Alan Ayckbourn, directed  
by Alanas Duran with July Nata, Philip  
Hanson and Tom McCarthy Until 12 May

Fame, the musical directed by Alanas  
Duran From 13 May

## VALS HALL THEATRE RESTAURANT (02 8121)

Divine by Devo's written and directed by Stanley  
Wahl with Ron Hartnett, Alan Wilson and  
Karen Johnson Throughout May

## MURK LOFT THEATRE (01 771603)

On Paperthin by Harry Brambridge et al,  
directed by William Orr with Lee Young and  
Ann Emery Throughout May

## NEW THEATRE (01 5160)

Antarctic Coal Log by Brian, directed by John  
Ainsworth with Steve Adcock, Bruce James  
Navy, Jon Williams, Paul Quinn and Barry  
Milton Throughout May on Friday, Saturday &  
Sunday

## HEMBOURG THEATRE (01 5803)

Down the Bar by Edward Hyde directed by  
Richard Wherrett, with John Bell, Ruth  
Cruckwell, Debbie Rule, Maggie Grace, John  
Hedgehog, Andrew James and Robert van  
Mackernberg, Cincinnati 1 May

Downright American Gothic by David  
Mason, directed by Peter Buckley with Graham  
Rouse, Shirley Bush and Brandon Burke  
From 16 May

## GRANGE CIVIC THEATRE (02 62 1336)

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Food for the Hollows adapted by the company

24,25 May

## PLAYERS THEATRE COMPANY (02 7211)

Round Five by Agatha Christie directed by

Graham Corry with Tim Greville, Lee  
Fraser, Jon James, Kenneth Ladd and Ray  
Taylor Expected to run throughout May

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Ricardo Werner with Ted Flynn directed by John  
Howell Saturday throughout May

## Q THEATRE (01 21 3721)

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An French and 6 Mex. Performances 8-13 May  
and Bankholidays 16-19 May

The Father by Stanislaw Lemmons 10 May  
French

## REGENT THEATRE (01 5971)

Down, In the French Bazaar by Peter, Directed by  
John Fawcett Until 15 May

UPDale Corte Company of NSW Puppets by  
Gibson & Salterian From 21-30 May and The  
Mikado by G & S from 26 May

## PERVERINA TRUCKING COMPANY (02 2652)

Old Campus Theatre, Wagga

Dear Fish (Sea and River Performances From 11  
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closing and Old Friends directed by Barry  
Hayes, Tony Hartley and Bill Pegg  
Until 3 May with possible extensions

## SHYSHOUR CENTRE (01 8155)

West Theatre, Sturt and Adel in Shakespeare  
Nanette production directed by John Bell with  
Mall Gains, Angela Pritch, Diane Horrocks and  
Kerry Walker Until 13 May

A Manual of French Waylay by Clem Gourlay  
Sexta Theatre Company of SA production  
directed by Colin George, with Colin Freels,  
Edwin Radjou, Pamela Green, Wayne Janzen  
and Neil Karpurka From 11 May

Evening Theatre Noir Bar menu runs from 7  
to 13 May

Dimension, Cooperage by Trevor Gaffney  
Sydney University Dramatic Society production  
directed by Neil Arnfield Until 5 May

Production directed by City Road March  
Theatre director Mark Baldwin From 11  
May

## SPEAK EASY THEATRE RESTAURANT (02 7442)

Four on the Floor written by Ron Bassford  
and Michael Boddy Directed by Michael Boddy,  
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Blandford Throughout May

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Fokine, Les Horzevets choreographed by  
Kazan's Macmillan and The Concert choce  
choreographed by Jerome Robbins From 10-18 May

Drama Theatre Philippe Gaulier's theatre of  
immersion until 19 May

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Company of The Devil's Disciple by Shaks  
directed by David Workman From 11 May

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Raggedy Ann by Jay McLean and Jan Bass. Director, Jay McLean. Opens 26 May.

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Madame Butterfly. Queensland Light Opera Company. Classes 3 May.

The Kingkiller by William Douglas Stone. Director, Lorraine O'Brien, with Georgia Wilson, John McCullough and Frost Young. 15 May.  
Jewel of Launcester by Dominic Quinlan. Opera Company. Director, John Milson. Design James Edwards. Costumes, Giselle Young. Queensland Theatre Orchestra. Opens 30 May.

## LA BOUTE (07) 46222

Written by Leon Newens. Director, John Milson. Design, Lucy Forman. Opens 19 May.

ES CURRIE PRESENTATIONS (07) 41866  
Adult Comedy in Town written and directed by Gary R. Currie. At the Barrie, West End Musical director, Charles Thompson, with Ryan Goldsworthy and Karen Moran. 30 April 19 May.

## QUEENSLAND ARTS COUNCIL (07) 2112990

Mike McCullough and Geraldine Doyle in Conservatory. His Majesty's Theatre. 26 May.  
An Officer, a Gentleman. On stage. Jack Clancy revised. Director.

What Does A Fly by Douglas Hodge. Queensland Theatre Company. Secondary schools tour.

I Know the Type by Lloyd Nielsen. Whirlwind. pantomime and music programme. Queenland Theatre Company school tour.

## QUEENSLAND BALLET COMPANY (07) 33555

SCD Theatre  
La Fanciulla. Choreography, Augusta Bournonville. Design, Alison Fairweather. Clown Chorusmaster, Don Atkin. Dance Space. M. Choreography, Harold Collins. Quartermaster. For the drama. Director, Stephen Pritchard. From Swan Lake. 11 May.  
The Nutcracker. Choreographer, Jennifer. Design, Mairi Hartley. On stage. 18 May 21 July.

## QUEENSLAND THEATRE COMPANY (07) 3111111

Hold Your Horses. Director, Alan Edwards. Design, Peter Cook. Staging, Pat Bishop. Cast 12 May.

THE TWELFTH NIGHT COMPANY (07) 2663525 26636  
Happy End by Bernd Becht and Kurt Wolf. Director, John Milson. Design, Mark Bridges. 18 May 1 June.

For enquires contact Dan Schutte on 264-2618

## SOUTH AUSTRALIA

## AUSTRALIAN DANCE THEATRE

The Square

Fifthy Children. 17-19 May.  
Come Out Tonight at the Balcony Theatre. Come back a Daze. 7-11 May.

## Q THEATRE

Can You And Callista Love. 18-25 May.  
Rock Opera by Noel Coward. Weather 26 May 13 June.

## SHERIDAN THEATRE (07) 71730

Death by Christopher Hampton. Adelaide Theatre Group directed by Brian Debono. Wed 24-25 May.

## STATE THEATRE COMPANY (07) 51550

The Playroom. Shakespeare by Sean Roseman (Director, Colin Clinton). 29 April 2 May.

## STATE OPERA

The Opera House. The Royal Marriage by Clemence. 1-12 May.  
Come Out Tonight Last Man an Opera by Benjamin Britten. 13-14 May.

## TRIBUTE

Red Head Theatre  
On My Way. The Way. In a programme of two plays. Director, Keith Galbraith. Eve Peters by Cop and Rob. Thelby D'By. John Romani. Thur Sat 24 April 1-11 May.

## UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE THEATRE GUILD

Little Theatre. Come On Festival. Screening Area by Michael Cost. Director, Jane Birkin. 10.30am-14.30 May.

I Suppose I'd Rather by Michael Cost. Director, Geoff Crookshank. 1.30pm 14-15 May.

For enquires contact Silver Buff on 08 8417 070

## TASMANIA

## FOR YOUTH THEATRE (03) 40999

Tom Jones revised and directed by Ben Gray. An English Restaurant. History Post. Musical director, Bruce Corcoran. 13, 16, 19 May.

## TASMANIAN PUPPET THEATRE (03) 51511

Kiddi's a dot dot at the Warehouse Theatre. Director, Peter Wilson. 21-23 May.

Kidstuff written and directed by Peter Wilson. At the Launceston Teachers' College. Music. John Shatto. 31-31 May.

## THEATRE BOY (03) 1462666

Derbyshire. Review Old Nick Company. 4-18 May.

Mr Seaver Marriage with the South Australian Opera Company. 23 May 21 June.

For enquires contact the national office on 0800 27 4630.

## VICTORIA

## ACTURES THEATRE (03) 51801

Teen Classics — Now you know why Franklin's taken. Matilda. Fri and Sat.

## ALEXANDER THEATRE (03) 2826

Gas and Dust. Celebration. Light Opera Company. 4-15 May.

## AFINA THEATRE (03) 56704-5721

Scars by Edward Albee. Opera Company. Directed and designed by Paul Tulach. 10-12 May. Touring secondary schools.

He Who Would Be. 'You' or 'We' based on

one of Reynold Beet's Company One devised, designed and directed by Peter Charlton.

Witness by Brian Friel. Company Two. Designed and directed by Paul Tulach. Touring secondary schools.

Paul Feyer and the Fight against the Universe by Eric Grey. Company Two. Designed and directed by Peter Charlton. Touring lower secondary schools.

Tragedy Queen by Stephen Walker. SCAT. Secondary Activity Theatre.

## ARTS COUNCIL OF VICTORIA (03) 94555

Aleksandr Theatre. Five Fatty Fish Tales with Francesco Marinelli. Hans Christian Andersen. Songs. Director Dan Mackay.

## AUSTRALIAN PERFORMING GROUP

From Factory (03) 71733. Tadpole by Steve Sandell. Director, Kerry Dwyer. From Theatre. Convincing Power ER and Beverly Blackendar. 1 May, more shows at the Back Theatre.

The Opportunity Operator. Back Theatre. Open 1 May.

## COMEDY THEATRE (03) 34999

Beloved Sister by Alan Ayckbourn. Director, Peter Williams.

## COMIC THEATRE OF ILLUSION

MUSHROOM THEATRE (03) 94555111. Director, Michael Wimberly. Touring the community, appearing at St Martin's Theatre.

## FLYING TRAPEZE CAFE (03) 2027

Afghan Goat (Director: B. Kots).

## GAY NINETIES MUSIC HALL

Getting Friday night. Friday and Saturday nights.

## HOOPLA THEATRE FOUNDATION (03) 76403

Plastic Theatre. Glastonbury Girl by Eric Morris. Director, Clinton Whittle. No More Land by Harold Pinter. Director, Clinton Whittle. 15 May 9 June.

Autogiro by McPherson. Directed by Murray Copland. Daytime production 10.30am and 1.30pm.

Upstart Theatre. Notes from Old Adam's Diary from a story by Anton Chekhov, adapted by Malcolm Robertson and Scott Ramsay. Director, Scott Ramsay. Opens 16 May.

Seven Serial Killers. Los Angeles by Roger Falcone. Director, Malcolm Robertson. Music, Paul Walker.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE (03) 9211111

Anna directed by George and Edie Moran. Stargirl. Haydn Gaskins and Jill Portman. Convincing.

## LAST LAUGH THEATRE RESTAURANT (03) 9402755

Prints 12 May.

Mr Clean from 17 May.

## LA MAMA (03) 4993010-5880

Get of Our Father. Mouse directed by Peter Rose. To 13 May.

Two Tires by Brian McNeill. Director, Robert Chatter. At Geyseria Theatre Collective Production. 17 May. 11pm.

## MELODRAMA THEATRE COMPANY (03) 4-46000

Requited. Director, Paul Tulach. Metamorphosis by Franz Kafka. Musical Theatre production. Adapted, directed and designed by Steven Bellotti. Cast 12 May.

The Club by David Williamson. Return season directed by James Chinn. Opens 13 May. Artisanum Theatre.

# Guide

**MERLINE** by William Shakespeare, Director John Stenner. To 3 May.

**ANNE AND THE ASYLUM** by George Bernard Shaw, Director, Ray Lovell.

## NATIONAL THEATRE

**MAN OF THE MATCH** by Dale Wasserman, Festival Theatre Company. 11-19 May.

## THE MILL PERFORMANCE GROUP

(03) 2111446

Grounds Center of Deakin University. Reader Evening Productions.

## PALACE THEATRE (03-6655)

**The Gold of the Golden West** by Puccini and **The Miserogenes of Alceste** by Massenet, in repertory, The Australian Opera Company.

## PIGRIM PUPPET THEATRE (03-6650)

**Peter Pan** by J M Barrie, Adapted and directed by Duncan Bell.

## POLYGLOT PUPPETS (03-6172)

Touring schools and community centres.

## PRINCESS THEATRE (03-621111)

**The Triumph of Flora** by British Australian Opera Company.

## VICTORIAN STATE OPERA (03-5811)

**Elmer of the Mallee** Arts Centre Theatre. 24-25 May.

**These Days a Time** Tom Grunin's dairy tales adapted by Peter Harvey. Touring metropolis and country towns.

For enquires contact Les Cartwright on 281 1777.

## WESTERN AUSTRALIA

### CIVIL THEATRE RESTAURANT (03-1559)

**The Fair Past 79 Show** Director Max Kip Cummings.

### DAYMLIN THEATRE (08-7036)

**The Crucible** by Arthur Miller. Director, Tom McRae. 13, 9-12 May.

### THE HOLE IN THE WALL (08-2409)

City Stage by Stephen Poliakoff, Director, Colin McRae. 11 Apr- 19 May.

**Wu! Heng** by Robert Looi, Director, Colin McRae. 25 May- 21 Jun.

### NATIONAL THEATRE (03-1000)

At the Playhouse

**Something's Afoot** by James McDonald, David Fox and Robert Gorick, Director, Edgar Maccari. 1 May- 2 Jun.

**Over Solder** by Anton Chekhov, Director, Stephen Berry. 7 Jun- 21 Jun.

### THE OCTAGON THEATRE (07-5515)

Interior Company. **Antonovka** by Anatoli Pugayev. From 5 May.

### THE REGAL (08-1577)

**Beloved** Play by Alan Ayckbourn, Director Peter Williams. From 12 Jun.

### WA ARTS (08-9711)

Young Program. **WA Ballet Company** on South West tour.

**Cloud Nine** Peppermint Precious and secondary schools.

### WA BALLET COMPANY (09-6134)

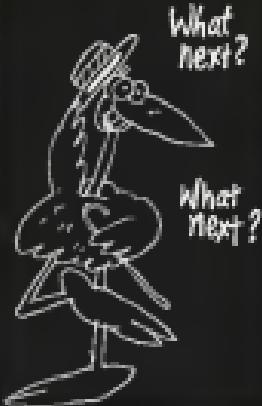
**The Concert Hall** A&T based on a scenario by Pauline Barker. Music, Valerie Williams, choreography, Gareth Wiltshire. 29 Jun- 7 Jul.

### WA OPERA COMPANY (08-6111)

**The Beggar's Opera** by Benjamin Britten. Conductor, Alan Abbott. Country tour.

For enquires contact Alan Abbott on 299 8674.

# Theatre Australia



## Next Month

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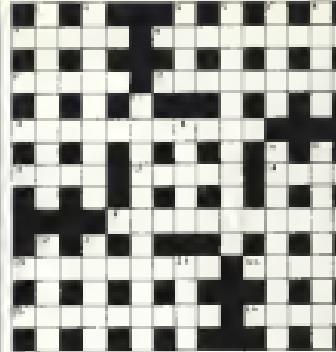
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The first concert story comes on May 23rd will receive one year's free subscription to TA.

Last month's answer

Last month's answer was Mr P. J. Flay, *Paramatta News*.



## THESPIAS PRIZE CROSSWORD No 11

Name:

Address:

Answers

- 12 Reserve train animals for oval masters (4,2)
- 3 Tuna played by the man pool (2)
- 7 " a just, noble and mighty — " (Thomas de Quincey) (6)
- 10 Oldies talk sport, politics... (9)
- 12 See, when huge, I swallow the excess (5,8)
- 14 King cast in as a tombal engineer (4)
- 15 Minister has since bowed after the road (5)
- 16 God search us if I'm getting married (4)
- 18 Across I stepped between the reaper and the scythe (5,6)
- 22 Extravagant man increased pleasure in the Darling Downs (6)
- 24 " the comes / in shape no larger than an olive" (Romeo and Juliet) (5)
- 25 Infinitely spreading and昌昌 (6)
- 26 Animals made of was (8)

Downs

- 1 Performer not for faded (9)
- 2 Name MR my mate (5)
- 3 (001 to 1 in a goal) (4)
- 4 Puck's lesson chapter (4,2)
- 5 What results and you'll get covered in peach (3)
- 6 Employing short realizations of horns above led (6,6)
- 11 Gazing and reciting about a jazzy man, we hear (11)
- 13 Name comes in when a music up (5)
- 14 Restaurant of inaccuracy, bistro (5)
- 15 Get in first and plain trees everywhere (5)
- 20 There's nothing in the forecast to indicate an orbit (12)
- 21 Swings out South and on triangles (10)

